

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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## SONG FROM EURIPIDES.

Ἠλιβάτους ὑπὸ κενθμῶσι γενοίμαν.—EUR. Hip.  
727.

WOULD God I were now by the sea,  
By the winding wet-worn caves,  
By the ragged rents of the rocks,  
And that there as a bird I might be  
White-winged with the sea-skimming flocks ;  
Where the spray and the breeze blow free  
O'er the ceaseless mirth of the waves,  
And dishevel their loose grey locks.  
I would spread my wings to the moist salt air,  
And my wide white wings should carry me,  
Lifted up out over the sea—  
Carry, I heed not where—  
Somewhither far away,  
Somewhither far from my hateful home,  
Where the breast of the breeze is sprinkled  
with spray,  
Where the restless deep is maddened with glee ;  
Over the waves' wild ecstasy—  
Through the wild blown foam!  
Fraser's Magazine.

W. H. M.

## HIPPOLYTUS TO ARTEMIS.

χαῖρέ μοι, ὦ καλλίστα.—EUR. Hip. 69.

MINE own, my one desire,  
Virgin most fair  
Of all the virgin choir !  
Hail, oh most pure, most perfect, loveliest one!  
Lo, in mine hand I bear,  
Woven for the circling of thy long gold hair,  
Culled leaves and flowers, from places which the  
sun  
The spring long shines upon :  
Where never shepherd hath driven flock to graze,  
Nor any grass is mown :  
But there sound through all the sunny soft warm  
days,  
Mid the green holy place,  
The wild bee's wings alone.  
Yea, with the jealous care  
The maiden Reverence tends the fair things there,  
And watereth all of them with sprinkling showers  
Of pearly dew grey from a pure running river.  
Whoso is chaste of spirit utterly,  
Untaught, yet so, even from his infancy,  
May gather there the dews and leaves and flowers ;  
The unchaste, never.  
But thou, oh Goddess, and dearest love of mine,  
Take, and about thine hair  
This anadem entwine—  
Take, and for my sake wear.  
Yes, take it, Queen, from me,  
Who more to thee than common men am dear,  
Whose is the holy lot  
As friend with friend to walk and talk with thee,  
Hearing thy sweet mouth's music in mine ear,  
But thee beholding not.  
Fraser's Magazine.

W. H. M.

## BALLAD.

BY J. R. PLANCHE.

WHAT though no more their emerald rings  
The Fairies trace on dewy green—  
What though no more their tiny wings  
Are glittering in the moonlight seen :  
Their memory haunts each glade and dell,  
And lovers roaming hand in hand  
At Love's own hour confess the spell,  
And deem themselves in Fairyland.

What thought in Scottish barn no more  
The Brownie plies his friendly flail—  
What though on Erin's wilder shore  
Is hush'd the Banshie's boding wail :  
The sweetest bards have sung their praise  
On Albion's hills and Erin's strand ;  
And those who list their witching lays  
Still feel themselves in Fairyland.  
Under the Crown.

## THE BURNS FESTIVAL.

The following letter from Mr. John G. Whittier was read at the Burns festival at Washington last evening :—

AMESBURY, 1st Month, 18th Day, 1869.

DEAR FRIEND:—I thank the club represented by thee for remembering me on the occasion of its annual festival. Though I have never been able to trace my ancestry to the Land o' Cakes, I have—and I know it is saying a great deal—a Scotchman's love for the poet whose fame deepens and broadens with years. The world has never known a truer singer. We may criticise his rustic verse and compare his brief and simple lyrics with the works of men of longer scrolls and loftier lyres ; but after rendering to Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, the homage which the intellect owes to genius, we turn to Burns, if not with awe and reverence, with a feeling of personal interest and affection. We admire others ; we love him. As the day of his birth comes round I take down his well-worn volume in grateful commemoration and feel that I am communing with one whom living I could have loved as much for his true manhood and native nobility of soul as for those wonderful songs of his which shall sing themselves forever.

They know little of Burns who regard him as an aimless versifier—"the idle singer of an idle lay." Pharisees in the church and oppressors in the state knew better than this. They felt those immortal sarcasms which did not die with the utterer, but lived on to work out the divine commission of Providence. In the shout of enfranchised millions, as they lift the untitled Quaker of Rochdale into the British cabinet, I seem to hear the voice of the Ayrshire poet :—

"For a' that and a' that,  
It's comin' yet for a' that ;  
That man to man the world o'er  
Shall brothers be for a' that."

With hearty sympathy and kind greetings for the Burns Club of Washington,

I am, very truly, thy friend,  
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

## PRESIDENT McCOSH.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, April 29th, 1868, the Reverend James McCosh, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast, Ireland, was unanimously chosen to the office of President of the College, made vacant by the resignation of the Reverend Dr. Maclean.

His acceptance of the office called forth unusual marks of public favor on both sides of the Atlantic. In Scotland, as well as Ireland, distinguished assemblies were gathered in honor of the President-elect, to express to him their good wishes at parting. In our own country, the sister Colleges of Harvard, Brown, and Jefferson, conferred upon him their highest academic degrees; and on his arrival at Princeton, October 20th, he was met at the station by the faculties and students of the College and Theological Seminary, welcomed with hearty

cheers, and escorted to the President's house, from the porch of which he made a short address to the students, which was warmly applauded.

On the day of the inauguration, October 27th, special trains from New York and Philadelphia brought to Princeton such a concourse of graduates and of learned and distinguished men from different parts of the country, as has never before been known in the history of the College.

After the Inaugural Address of the President, which was heard with unabated interest to the close, the whole assembly rose and greeted him with enthusiastic cheers.

In the evening the President held a reception at his house, while a promenade concert, provided by the students, was given in the adjoining campus, the College grounds and buildings being brilliantly illuminated.

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*Dr. McCosh's published works (Robert Carter & Brothers,) are :*

1. The Method of Divine Government, Physical and Moral.
  2. Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation.
  3. The Intuition of the Mind Inductively Investigated.
  4. An Examination of Mr. J. S. Mill's Philosophy, Being a Defence of Fundamental Truth.
  5. Philosophical Papers.
- 

## INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

How does it come that, with so many superior men in America, I have been invited to become President of Princeton, is a question which I have often been putting to myself these last few months, without being able to find a satisfactory answer. So I think it best to "give it up," and turn to inquiries which have no personal bearing.

But before doing so, I feel bound to say that the very fact of your calling me to this high office is a proof that you have no jealousy of the old country. It is one of the motives impelling me to tear myself from the land which I so much loved, and to come to this country, which I will not love the less because I loved and do still love the one I have left, that I may labor to bring the two nations on which the future

welfare and progress of the world do so much depend, into warmer friendship, and closer fellowship. Are we not one in race, a somewhat mixed race, the main element in both being the Anglo-Saxon with its love of personal liberty and its perseverance; the same in language, in literature, in religion, in the love of education and of freedom? Why, with such bonds uniting them, should not the hearts of the two great communities beat in unison, and their hands combine in common efforts for the Christianization, the enlightenment and civilization of mankind. I do not expect to be able to further this end by politics (in which I do not mean to appear as a partisan); but surely all here may help it by the binding influence of literature, science and

philosophy, which are citizens not of one country but of the world; and above all by the attractive power of religion, which is a citizen of heaven come down to spread peace among men.

The question for me to answer is, what can I do for you now that I am among you? The reply to this question in all its width must be found in what I do the remainder of my life. But there is a narrower and more immediate inquiry, what can I do this day in response to the generous reception you have given me? All that I can offer is to give some information derived from the experience through which I have passed.

It so happens that I have a considerable acquaintance with the universities of the old world. I have attended two of the Scottish Universities, and I believe I am a graduate of three of them. I have visited Oxford and Cambridge, and lived within their walls with some of their most distinguished men. In Ireland I was officially connected with the latest established university in the Three Kingdoms, the Queen's University; and I had incidentally means of being acquainted with Dublin University. I have visited some half dozen colleges in Germany and several in Switzerland and Holland. I feel therefore that I ought to know something of academic teaching in Europe. And then it also happens that the question of what academic education ought to be, is being keenly discussed in Germany and in England, Scotland and Ireland by some of the most thoughtful men in those countries, such as Doellinger, Pattison, Mathew Arnold, Seeley, Farrar, Lowe, Grant Duff, J. S. Mill, Tyndall, H. Spencer, Huxley, Lorimer, Cairnes, and many others. The younger moving spirits in the old colleges are alive to the evils which have become encrusted round the venerable structures to which they are attached, and are bent on having them removed. The more enlightened teachers in Oxford and Cambridge are becoming ashamed of the exclusive study of Latin and Greek, or Mathematics, very specially of their exaction of verse-making—as Milton expressed it long ago: "Themes and verses wrung from poor striplings like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit." In Scotland they have become fully aware of the futility of impart-

ing erudition by mere lectures, and have introduced more of the tutorial and examination system.\* Even in Germany some are becoming sick of their drill system and dry routine, and are longing for an infusion of the more fresh and manly training of Great Britain. This discontent with the present is stirring up a strong desire to improve for the future: and out of the discussions will arise, I am satisfied, great improvements in the Universities of the old world. I am in this lecture to carry you into the very heart of these discussions.

It is to be understood that in doing this I have no design, avowed or secret, to revolutionize your American colleges or to reconstruct them after a European model. I take up this subject because it is one competent to me, and because it enables me to unfold what I believe to be the proper nature of collegiate instruction, without committing myself prematurely to American questions, in regard to which I am seeking information. It fortunately so happens that I have also visited upward of a dozen colleges and theological seminaries in the United States; and I have seen enough of them to become convinced that they are not rashly to be meddled with. They are the spontaneous outgrowth of your position and your intelligence; they are associated with your history and have become adjusted to your wants; and whatever improvements they admit of must be built on the old foundation. Still the circumstance that you

\* But there is a risk that certain dispensers of patronage, by preferring candidates trained at the English Universities, most of whom have abandoned Presbyterianism, bring the Colleges into collision with the religious convictions of the people. There is another danger: by aping Oxford and Cambridge, without equalling them in their own line; and by glorying in the fact, that their best pupils leave them to get prizes at the English Universities, they may lose that independence of thought and scientific research for which the Scottish Colleges have been famous. There are Englishmen who see this. Professor Seeley says: "If we take the single department of philosophy, is it not evident that if the English system had been followed in the Scottish Universities, there would have been no Scotch school of philosophy." Mr. Johnson: "It is to Edinburgh men more than to any public school or Oxford or Cambridge men (unless Oxford and Westminster take credit for Bentham), that we owe the enlightened legislators and the righteous government of the last forty years." "If we ever had an educator, it was Dugald Stewart."—See *Essays on Liberal Education*, pp. 117, 353.



have called me from a foreign country is a proof that you are anxious to receive supposed good from any and from every quarter. A composite nation like yours, drawing its population from all regions, will be ready to take knowledge from all lands. In regard to elementary schools Europe has more need to look to you than you have to look to Europe: but possibly in regard to universities America may advantageously look to the old colleges of Europe, even as these are anxiously looking to each other. This is one of the European wars in which I would have the United States to take their part. I certainly do not ask you to adopt any European method because it is European, or on any other ground than that it can stand a sifting examination on its own merits: and of this I am sure that whatever matter your country receives from others, it will put upon it, as it has done upon the divers people who have come within its wide territories, a stamp and a character of its own.

#### I. WHAT IS THE IDEA OR FINAL CAUSE OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING?

On this point, which settles every other, there is no agreement theoretically or practically. A large and growing number, we may call them the realists, evidently think that the *τέλος*, or end of a university, is to impart knowledge, some would say mere physical knowledge; to fit students for the professions, or prepare them for the business of life. Others, whom we may call the idealists, embracing the more elevated minds, deem this a low and unworthy aim for the highest educational institutions of a country to set before them; and maintain that it should be the ambition of a university to improve the faculties of the mind, to refine the taste, and to elevate the country by raising up an educated body of men, who draw up all who are under their influence to a higher level, where they will breathe a purer atmosphere. Let us endeavor to cut a clear path through the thicket of this controversy.

(1). I do hold it to be the highest end of a university to *educate*; that is, draw out and improve the faculties which God has given. Our Creator, no doubt, means all things in our world to be perfect in the

end: but he has not made them perfect; he has left room for growth and progress; and it is a task laid on his intelligent creatures to be fellow-workers with him in finishing that work which he has left incomplete, merely that they may have honorable employment in completing it. Education ought to be a gymnastic to all our powers, not overlooking those of the body; that every muscle may be braced to its manly use; that our students may be able to assume the natural posture, and make proper use of their arms and limbs, which so many of our best scholars feel, in their public appearances, to be inconvenient appendages. It should seek specially to stimulate, and strengthen by exercising, the intellectual powers: such as the generalizing or classifying, by which we arrange the things that present themselves into groups, ordinate and co-ordinate; and the abstracting, analyzing capacities by which we reduce the complexities that meet us to a few comprehensible and manageable elements; and the reasoning faculty by which we rise from the known and the present to the unknown and remote. The studies of a university should be organized towards this end, and all its apparatus of languages, sciences, physical and mental, and mathematical exercises, should be means to accomplish it. But then man has other endowments than the understanding, in the narrow sense of the term: he has a fancy capable of presenting brighter pictures than any reality; an imagination which will not be confined within the limits of time and this world; and a taste and sensibility which can appreciate beauty and sublimity in earth and sky; and these ought to be called forth and cultivated in our academic groves, by youth being made to know, and led to relish, our finest literature, ancient and modern, in prose and poetry, — I add, though in doing so, I may seem to be placing the ideal too high, by having in museums and art galleries the means of displaying the esthetic qualities of the creature, inanimate and animate, in art and nature. It is a favorite idea of Sir Charles Bell's, that the ancient Greeks reached such incomparable excellence in their statuary by aiming to produce figures as far removed from the brute form as possible: certainly it should be the aim

of academic teaching to give a form to the mind high above the brute shape — high above the sordid and earthly manifestations of humanity. And surely our universities, which are to fashion the ruling minds of the country, are never to forget that man has high emotional susceptibilities which should be evoked by narratives, by eloquence, by incidents presented in history, in literature, and in art; and that, as the crown upon his brow placed there by his Maker, he has a moral and spiritual nature, which is to be developed and purified by the contemplation of a holy law, and of a holy God embodying that law, and of a God incarnate and with creature sympathies, inducing us to draw nigh when otherwise we should be driven back by a consciousness of guilt on the one hand, and a view of the dazzling purity of the Fountain of Light on the other.

Now, at this entrance examination, every study seeking admission into the curriculum of a college should be made to appear. In order to matriculation, it must show that it is fitted to refine and purify the noble faculties which God has given us.

(2). Under this, it should be the aim of a university to impart knowledge. I say *under this*, in order to impose the proper limit on the principle held by so many in the present day, that a college should give itself mainly, not to languages, and least of all dead languages; not to metaphysical pursuits, which move in circles without advancing; not to such old studies which are leading a sort of doomed existence, like that of flies in autumn; but to real knowledge, to practical knowledge, by which it turns out that they mean the various branches of physics, or quite as likely one or two favorite departments of natural science. Now I hold that even for practical utility, for mere happiness' sake, there may be a higher end than the attainment of knowledge, and that is the improving of those heaven-bestowed powers which acquire knowledge, but acquire many other things of value; I maintain that there may be other knowledge valuable as well as scientific information; and I utterly deny that the acquisition of knowledge, certainly not of the material world, is the only means of training the nobler parts of humanity. The child prefers nursery rhymes and Robinson Crusoe to science made easy. Some of the greatest minds that shine as stars above our world knew little of physical science, such as Homer, and Socrates, and Plato, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Milton, and Edwards, and Burke, and Wordsworth, and Schiller, who yet found in our world sources of high enjoyment and

a means of ascending to their elevated spheres. I hold that there are other means besides the natural sciences of educating even the faculties of comparison and causality: that these may be called into exercise quite as effectively by the thoughts and sentiments embodied in a cultivated language; by the study of the noblest part of God's workmanship in this lower world, the human mind, whether of its laws, as unfolded by mental science, or in the concrete exhibition of human nature, in its fears and hopes, its joys and sorrows, its struggles and its triumphs, in countries remote and near, in ages past and present, as detailed in travel, in history, and biography, or by representations in poetry, in eloquence, in the fine arts, and most truthfully of all, in the inspired records.

But then it should be frankly acknowledged and publicly proclaimed, that science, that is, observational science, that the knowledge of nature, that is, of the works of God, is an important means of cultivating those powers with which the God of nature has endowed us; for they show us how to observe and how to arrange the objects with which we are surrounded, and as we do so, we come to see properties and beauties before overlooked, and become more interested in them, and acquire a friendship for them. They show us how to gather the law from the scattered particulars that present themselves; how, by the necessary "rejections and exclusions," as Bacon says, to draw out the essential from the indifferent; how to reach the truth and consistency among discordant and apparently contradictory appearances; when to lay aside prepossessions and anticipations; and how to make an "inquisition" of nature, to catch her when Proteus-like she is anxious to escape, and make her reveal her secrets. These are not only the true means of acquiring knowledge, but the fittest for exercising and giving energy to the faculties, and of acquiring intellectual habits of patience and penetration, useful in every kind of inquiry, speculative and practical. The old schoolmaster adage, that it is of no consequence what the faculties be employed about, provided they are employed, and thereby disciplined, is a false one. Some have gone so far as to say, that no matter whether the knowledge thus acquired, say the writing of Latin verses, be of any use in the future life or no; no matter how dull and crabbéd the work, how harsh the grindstone on which the mind is ground, provided thereby the faculties are sharpened for use. These persons do not see that the mental powers are not healthily exercised,

and are not likely to be invigorated and refreshed when engaged in unprofitable work, as it were, mounting the steps of a treadmill, or doing the whole in a close medieval atmosphere, which, in fact wastes the strength, and gives a sallow complexion to the countenance. Do you not see the terrible risk of wearying and disgusting the mind, when it is making its first and most hopeful efforts, and giving it ever after, by the laws of mental association, a distaste for severe studies? True, the exercise of the mind, like that of the body, is its own reward; but both are most apt to be undertaken when there is some otherwise pleasant or profitable object in view, and most likely to be repeated when we have a sense of gratitude for the good we have received. If, after we have walked so hard, we see and find nothing of value, if we are required to labor for that which profiteth not, to fight as one that beateth the air, the issue is not likely to be refreshing, and life, and hope, but ennui, and unconquerable aversion to exertion. I hold that every study should, as far as possible, leave not a distaste, but a relish on the palate of the young, so that they may be inclined to return to it.\* However it may have been in the dark, or rather, as I would call them, the twilight ages, when only a few departments of real knowledge could be discerned, and men had to make the best of the available material, it is not imperative now to resort to profitless studies when such rich and fertile fields are evidently lying all around us. Our Lord's test applied to religion admits of an application to study, namely, that it brings forth fruits. Faith may often be more valuable than works, but it is by works it is to be tried to see if it is genuine, and by works faith is made perfect: so it is by profitable work that the faculties are called forth and elevated. Bacon adopted our Lord's distinction, and applied it to science; not holding (as those who do not understand religion misunderstand him) that practical fruits are better than knowledge, but that knowledge cannot be genuine when it does not yield such fruits. So, using the same distinction, I hold that in study, while the true end is

the elevation of the faculties, they never will be improved by what is in itself useless, or found to be profitless in the future life. And I am prepared to show that the sciences, physical and moral, not only supply nutriment and strength to the intellect, they give life to it. It has been proved by recent science, that the food we eat, got from the animal and the plant, not only gives nourishment to the frame, but by the force derived from that great source of force, the sun, furnishes the heat which keeps the body warm and vital; so knowledge, which is power derived from the Divine source of all power, not only communicates strength to the mind, but imparts fire to kindle a noble enthusiasm, and motive to set us forth in our pursuits, when we know that we shall in no wise lose our reward. Science discloses not only a utility, but a beauty in objects which, to the vulgar, appear dull and debasing; shows that there is a loveliness in every work that God has made, even in the skeleton of rattling bones, from which the uninitiated shrink; even in the insects crawling in the clay from which they flee—a beauty fitted to call forth admiration and love, and in the hearts of the pious adoration and praise.

(3). It may be the aim of a University to give professional instruction. This, indeed, should always be esteemed a lower end, not indeed an unworthy, but still an inferior end, that is, subordinate to the improvement of the mind; and if we make it supreme, we are turning things upside down, and putting uppermost the limbs, instead of the head which ought to subordinate and guide the whole. It is certainly not the function of a University to make its students artificers, or merchants, or manufacturers, or farmers, or shipowners; the practical knowledge required by such may best be got from practical men in shops, and fields, and warehouses, and offices. Still, as science aids art and perfects it, so a College by teaching the sciences may fit its students, not, it may be, for the ordinary avocations of their employments, but for inventing new instruments, and finding improvements; and, by its whole training, it lays up enjoyments denied to the uneducated. But, in order to accomplish even such ends as these, a College should never come down from its high position to be a mere instructor in the mechanical arts, or in shop and office work. Whatever branches it teaches, it should teach as sciences, and in a literary academic spirit, so as to impart to those members of those professions, who come within our precincts, a thoroughly scientific acquaint-

\* Plato says, *Rep.* VII. 15, that instruction should be so given that it may be learned without compulsion. *Τὴ δὲ; Ὅτι, ἂν δ' ἐγὼ, οὐδὲν μάθημα μετὰ βίας, ἀλλὰ τὸν ἐλευθερον χρη μανθάνειν. οἱ μὲν γὰρ τοῦ σώματος πόνοι βία ποιοῦνται, χεῖρον οὐδὲν τὸ σώμα ἀνέχεται, ψυχὴ δὲ βίαν οὐδὲν ἔμμενον μάθημα. Ἀλλ' ἡ, ἔφη. Μὴ τοίνυν βία εἶπον, ὡς ἄριστον, τὸς παῖδας ἐν τοῖς μαθήμασιν ἀλλὰ πείζοντας τοὺς. Some of his statements go too far. Quintilian's caution is judicious: *Nam id in primis cavere oportebit, ne studia qui amare nondum potest oderit, et amaritudinem semel perceptam etiam ultra rudes annos reformidat.**

ance with their subjects, so that they may improve the trades and increase their resources, while they carry with them an elevation of tone which will keep the meanest work in which they require to engage from being felt to be a degradation. And then there are walks of life, such as the learned profession, those preparing for which require to know literature and science, and certainly to these the instruction given should be of a philosophic character, to fit them for entering in an intelligent manner, and with a rich furniture of fundamental and established principles, upon their professional studies. But the different branches admitted into the University being so taught, it may be allowable for the student to give a preference to those which may assist him in his professional pursuits. Thus, those who are intended for theology, might legitimately and properly show a partiality for the language of the New Testament, or for mental science which brings them into such intimate connection with the great truths of religion; and a medical student might draw lovingly towards chemistry or physiology; while the lawyer might give less attention to other subjects, to undertake a more special study of political economy. All this is in entire harmony with the idea of a University, whose office it is to train the powers, but which may do so by any thing which is fitted to elevate and refine the mind.

(4). It should be the aim of a University to promote literature and science, and by these and by its pupils to raise the whole community. The Rev. Mr. Pattison of Oxford would have his University look on the teaching vocation as a subordinate one, and devote its splendid revenues to make its Colleges houses for a "professional class of learned and scientific men;" "homes for the life study of the highest and most abstruse parts of knowledge." This is carrying an idea, which has some truth in it, too far. I am not sure that the healthiest scholarship or highest science would be promoted by the men who might be selected, no matter on what principle of candidature and election, to these offices of leisure and emolument, which would tend, I fear, to become places of ease and laziness, possibly of obstruction to activity and independence of thought; or whether the men would best accomplish the end by being formed into an exclusive community. Of this I am sure, that the people of this country and of every country will insist on its Universities being primarily the educators of its more promising youths, destined for the higher walks of life. Still

those who are placed in the offices of a University should aim at something more than being merely the teachers of a restricted body of young men. The youths who are under them and who look up to them will be greatly stimulated to study by the very circumstance that their professor is a man of wide sympathies and connections with the literature or science of the country generally, or of other countries. It was thus that the Scottish professors of the last century, such as Adam Smith, and Reid, and Stewart, and Black, and Munro, and Playfair, did so much to promote their favorite departments, in political economy and mental philosophy, and certain branches of physics. It was thus that Newton, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, published the *Principia*, and made his University and his College famous for all time. It is thus that in our day in Germany every professor labors to bring forth every year or two the product of his studies in a work which may add to the permanent knowledge of mankind in some department, wide or narrow. The applications of science and the good uses of literature may be found elsewhere in our workshops, and schools, and lighter literature, but where should we expect to find our highest scholarship and profoundest science but in our Colleges with their leisure, their independence, and the great stimulus which they furnish.

And then the glory of every Alma Mater consists in her children, "as arrows in the hand of a mighty man;" "happy is he, that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate." It should be the ambition of every College to send forth a body of educated men who, as ministers, as lawyers, as physicians, as private gentlemen, or in the public service, or as engaged in business which their character and refinements elevate, are spreading around them, consciously or unconsciously, a civilizing and humanizing influence; making learning respected because respectable, and spreading a thirst for culture. Such a radiating power is especially needed in our day, when there is such a devotedness to the practical and money-making pursuits—to what Sir W. Hamilton translating a German phrase, calls the "bread and butter sciences;" and we need it to counteract the coarseness, the earthliness, the clayeyness, thus engendered, and to set before the country higher and more generous ends. God shows in all his works that he sets a value not only on bare utility but on beauty and ornament,—you see it in that lily so

adorned, in that dome of heaven spangled with stars. I suppose that in this country your coal and iron, your earth and oil, are after all more valuable than your precious metals, but since God hath deposited them in your soil you would not part with your silver and your gold. So you should see that with all your other attainments, with your general intelligence and your eminence in the practical arts, you have also the highest learning and science. Our Colleges in relation to the lower education should rise like towers and steeples out of our towns and villages, like hills and mountains out of our plains. A College like Princeton should, as Athens and Alexandria were in ancient times, be an intellectual metropolis whence a refining influence goes down to the provinces. I magnify mine office: a professor should be like the central sun with planets circulating around it, and each of these a centre round which other bodies revolve; so a professor by himself and by his pupils and their labors may reach in his influence to the most distant hamlet in the country through which his students are scattered.

## II. WHAT SHOULD BE THE BRANCHES TAUGHT?

Should they be many or few? Should they be the old or new, or both? These are the vague questions put, and the answers have been as vague. Let us seek to clear the way.

I am prepared to vindicate the high place which has hitherto been allotted to languages in all the famous Colleges of the Old World and the New; though I cannot defend the exclusive place which has been given them in some. Without entering upon the psychological question whether the power of thinking by means of symbols be or be not an original faculty of the mind; or the physiological one, whether its seat, as M. Broca thinks he has proven, be in the left hemisphere of the brain, specially in the posterior part of the third frontal convolution of the left anterior lobe, I am prepared to maintain that it is a natural gift, early appearing and strong in youth. You see it in the young child acquiring its language so spontaneously, and delighting to ring its vocables the live-long day; in the boy of nine or ten years of age, learning Latin—when he could not master a science—quite as quickly as the man of mature age. Now, in the systematic training of the mind, we should not set ourselves against, but rather fall in with this natural tendency and facility. Boys can acquire a language when they are not able to wrestle with any

other severe study; and why should they not be employed in what they are capable of doing? There are persons forever telling us that children should be taught to attend to "things," rather than "words." But then words are "things," having an important place in our bodily organization and mental structure, in both of which the power of speech is one of the things that raise us above the brutes. And then it can be shown that it is mainly by language that we come to get a knowledge of things. This arises not merely from the circumstance that we get by far the greater part of our knowledge from our fellow-men through speech and writing, but because it is, in a great measure, by words that we are induced, nay compelled, to observe, to compare, to abstract, to analyze, to classify, to reason. How little can we know of things without language? How little do deaf mutes know of things till they are taught the use of signs? I have known some of them considerably advanced in life who not only did not know that the soul was immortal, they did not know that the body was mortal. Children obtain by far the larger part of their information from parents, brothers, sisters, nurses, teachers, companions, and fellow-men and women in general, and this comes by language. But this is, after all, the least part: it is in understanding and using intelligently words and sentences that children are first taught to notice things and their properties, to discern their differences and perceive their resemblances. Nature presents us only with particulars, which, as Plato remarked long ago, are infinite, and therefore confusing, and the language formed by our forefathers, and inherited by us, puts them into intelligible groups for us. Nature shows us only concretes, that is, objects with their varied qualities, that is, with complexities beyond the penetration of children, and language makes them intelligible by separating the parts, and calling attention to common qualities. Nouns, verbs, adjectives, conjunctions, and other parts of speech in a cultivated tongue, introduce us to things, as men have thought about them in the use of their faculties, and combined them for general and for special purposes; primarily, no doubt, for their own use and advantage, but turning out to be a valuable inheritance to their children, who get access to things with the thought of ages superinduced upon them—as it were, set in a frame-work for us, that we may study them more easily. In the phrases of a civilized tongue, we have a set of discriminations and comparisons spontaneously fash-



ioned by our ancestors, often more fresh and subtle, always more immediately and practically useful, than those of the most advanced science. Then a new language introduces us to new generalizations and new abstractions, made, it may be, by a people of a different genius and differently situated, and thus widens and varies our view of things, and saves us from being the slaves of the words of our own tongue, saves us, in fact, from putting words for things, putting counters for money (as Hobbes says), which we should be apt to do, if we knew only one word for the thing. Charles V. uttered a deep truth, whether he understood it or no, when he said that a man was as many times a man as he acquired a new tongue. Then, in learning a language grammatically, whether our own or another, we have to learn or gather rules, and judiciously apply them, to see the rule in the example and collect the rule out of the example; and in all this the more rudimentary intellectual powers, not only the memory, but the apprehension and quickness of perception and discernment are as quite effectually called forth and disciplined, as by any other study in which the youthful mind is capacitated to engage.

I have been struggling to give expression in a few sentences to thoughts which it would require a whole lecture fully to unfold. Such considerations seem to me to prove that we should continue to give to language an important—I have not said an exclusive—place in the younger collegiate classes. Among languages a choice must be made, and there are three which have such claims that every student should be instructed in them; and there are others which have claims on those who have special aptitudes and destinations in life. There is the Latin, important in itself, and from the part which it has played. It has an educational value from the breadth, regularity and logical accuracy of its structure, giving us a fine specimen of grammar, from its clear expression, and from its stately methodical march—like that of a Roman army. It is of inestimable value from its literature, second only to that of Greece in the old world, and to that of England and Germany in modern times; and a model still to be looked to by English and by Germans, if they would make progress as they have hitherto done. Then, besides its intrinsic worth, it has historical value as the mother of several other European languages, as the Italian, the French, the Spanish, and Portuguese, to all of which it is the best introduction, and, as one of the

venerated grandmothers of our own, ready to tell us of its descent, its lineage and its history; let us not forget, as the transmitter of ancient and eastern learning to modern times and western countries; and as the common language for ages in literature, philosophy, law and theology, and thus containing treasures to which every educated man requires some time or other to have access. Then there is the Greek, the most subtle, delicate and expressive of all old languages, embodying the fresh thoughts of the most intellectual people of the ancient world, and containing a literature which is unsurpassed, perhaps not equalled, for the loveliness, purity and grace of its poetry, for the combined firmness and flexibility of its prose, as seen for instance, in Plato, who can mount to the highest sublimities and go down to the lowest familiarities without falling—like the elephant's trunk, equally fitted to tear an oak or lift a straw. And it is never to be forgotten that it is the language of the New Testament; that it was the favorite language of the Reformers. Luther said, "If we do not keep up the tongues, we will not keep up the gospel;" and so the stream is still to be encouraged to flow on, if we would keep up the connection between Christianity and its fountain. A nation studiously giving up its attention to these tongues would be virtually cut off from the past, and would be apt to become stagnant like a pool, into which no streams flow, and from which none issue, instead of a lake receiving pure waters from above, and giving them out below. Their languages differ widely from ours, but just because they so do, they serve a good purpose, letting us into a different order and style of thought, less analytic, more synthetic, as it is commonly said, more concrete, as I express it; that is, introducing us to things as they are, and in their natural connection. True, they are *dead* languages, but then, just because they are so, we can get a completed biography of them; and, as we dissect them, they lie passive, like bodies under the knife of the anatomist. As Hobbes expresses it, "they have put off flesh and blood to put on immortality;" they are dead, and yet they live; live in the works which have been written in them with their diversity of knowledge, living specially in their literature, which is imperishable, which, for fitness of phraseology, brevity, clearness, directness, severity, are models for all ages, bringing us back to simplicity, when we should err by extravagance; and to be specially studied by the rising gene-

ration in our time, when there is so much of looseness and inflation, stump oratory and sensationalism. It would be difficult to define it, but we all know what is meant by a *classical taste*; there are persons who seem to acquire its chaste color spontaneously, as the ancient Greeks and Romans must have done; but, in fact, it has been mainly fostered by living and breathing in the atmosphere of ancient Greece and Rome; and our youths may acquire it most readily by travelling to the same region where the air is ever pure and fresh. I believe that our language and literature will run a great risk of hopelessly degenerating, if we are not ever restrained and corrected, while we are enlivened and refreshed, by looking to these faultless models.

There are other foreign languages which have a claim on educated men, such as the French with its delicate conversational idiom, and the abstract clearness, amounting to transparency, of its prose; and the German with its profound common sense, and its noble literature, worthy of being placed alongside that of ancient Greece, and excelling it in the revelation of the depths of human nature. I am inclined to the opinion that either of these might under certain restrictions have a place in the Course, provided always it be taught as Greek and Latin are, that is, as branches of learning, taught philologically, taught so as to illustrate character and history, and above all so as to open up to us, and lead us to appreciate, the literature of the countries.

But prior to all these and posterior to them, above them all and below them all, is a tongue which has an imperative claim on us; and that is, our own tongue, the language of the mother of us all, Great Britain and her colonies, and the language of her eldest daughter, which should acknowledge her inferiority only in this, that she is the daughter and the other the mother. It has a claim on our love and esteem because it is our own tongue which we learned on our mother's knees, the tongue with which we are and ever must be most familiar; because it is in itself a noble language, with roots simple and concrete striking deep into home and heart experience, and grafted on these from foreign stocks abstract terms for reflective and scientific use; because it has been enriched by the ideas and fancies, the comparisons and metaphors, of men profound in thought and fertile in imagination; and yet more because of its manly and massive, its rich and varied, literature, prose and poetic, revolving round themes which it never entered into the heart of Greek or Roman to

conceive. If a Briton or an American can study only one language let it be the English. A College youth's education is incomplete, though he should know all other tongues, if he be ignorant of the genius and literature of his own. There should, I hold, be a special class for the English language and literature in every College of every English-speaking country. But in order that English have a place in a University it must fall in with the spirit of the place and conform to its laws: it must be taught as a branch of learning, as a branch of science (*wissenschaftlich*); it must be traced up to the roots; it must be studied in its formation, growth and historical development; and, above all, it must be taught so as to give a relish for its noblest works, and secure that it has a literature in the future not unworthy of the literature of the past.

(2). Mathematics should also constitute an essential part of a College curriculum, and a portion should be obligatory on every student. Over the gates of every College should be written what is said to have been inscribed over the Academy in which Plato taught, "Let no one who is without geometry enter here." They serve ends which cannot be effected by any other training. First, they introduce youths early and conveniently to self-evident truth. They show that every thing cannot be proven: that there is such a thing as *a priori* principles founded in the very nature of things, and perceived at once by intuitive reason.—It was to mathematics that the great German metaphysician primarily appealed in establishing the existence of necessary truth. This is a very important conviction to have fixed in the minds of young men, especially in these times, when an attempt is made to derive all certainty from experience, which must ever be limited, and can never—any more than a stream can rise above its fountain—establish a universal, a necessary proposition. Having seen that there are *a priori* truths in mathematics the mind will be better prepared to admit that there are eternal and unchangeable principles lying at the basis of morality and religion, and guaranteeing to us the immutable character of the law and of the justice of God. Then mathematics exhibit to us more clearly than any other science the interdependence and connections of all truth, and the links by which premises and conclusion are tied in the reasoning process. Moreover the study gives a concentration to the attention and a logical consecutiveness to the thoughts, and so saves from that tendency to wandering and dissipation of mind, which is

the ruin intellectually of thousands. "For if the wit be too dull they sharpen it, if too wandering they fix it, if too inherent in sense they abstract it" (*Bacon*). It furnishes the fittest discipline to brace the mind for hard intellectual work, and has been found, in fact, an admirable training for those professions, such as law, in which force, tenacity and close application are required. These advantages are altogether independent of the value of the science as an instrument of deduction and a verification of discovery in so many departments of natural science; a use which will be seen to admit of ever widening application as it comes to be determined that every department of physical nature is regulated by form and quantity, the qualities which mathematical science claims as its own rich possession. Not only so, but as it was found long ago that geometry rules beauty addressed to the ear, that is music, so I believe it will be ascertained, as science advances, that it reigns in the beauty of form and color addressed to the eye; and so there is a grand truth in the old Platonic idea that God geometrizes: He geometrizes in all the order and all the loveliness we see in the universe. The withdrawal of a mathematical training from a College would be equivalent — to what God has absolutely prevented his creatures from doing in the universe — to the withdrawal of *force*, and would leave the institution enfeebled and without the power which binds the whole.

But can there be a thorough education of the mind merely by classics and mathematics, as the famous Cambridge system supposes? I hold that these may be taught and learned in the most perfect manner, and yet a large number of the noblest faculties of the mind left uncalled forth, and therefore uncultivated. Mixed with them there should be branches which require students to be more than intelligent recipients, which demand of them that they put forth independent thought and observation.

(3). The physical sciences should have a place in a full-orbed system. These were not born when universities were established, and resistance has been offered to their introduction on the part of the superstitious supporters of the old, especially the narrow partisans of classics. But they have established such claims on the attention, they have been so "frugiferous" as *Bacon* anticipated, that it is now certain, whoever may oppose, that they must in the future have a large place allowed them: and if uncompromising resistance is continued much longer the stream will so rise as to

break down the dam that would oppose it and sweep away the good which should be retained with the evil that should be abandoned. So it is expedient in every way to allow a legitimate outlet to these flowing, I will add fertilizing, waters.

There are certain of our natural faculties which cannot be evoked and cultivated so effectively in any other way as being employed about the works which God has made. From an early period youth should be taught how to use and thereby educate the senses, how to observe and how to gather and treasure up facts. And physical science is an instrument not merely for educating the senses; it calls forth all the faculties which discover relations. The facts fall under the senses, but the law which we are ever striving to reach, the law, which binds the facts, can be discovered and comprehended only by the higher intellectual powers, which divide and combine and infer. As it is out of the scattered and isolated parts that we have to collect the law, *τὸ ἐν ἐν πολλοῖς*, so the study gives a discernment and a shrewdness to the mind, admirably preparing it for taking its part in the tangled affairs of life. It is one of its special advantages that it gives the bracing activity of the chase as well as the triumph of the capture: it not only yields results, it requires us to look at the processes by which these are reached; it not only gives information, but, what is equally important, it teaches us to investigate; it not only imparts knowledge, but prepares us to acquire more by showing us how to make an inquisition of nature; it not only furnishes fruit, but brings us to the tree where the fruit grows and where we may continue plucking: thus even when taught by a skillful teacher it has many of the advantages of self-education.

These sciences are now becoming very numerous and very varied. They may be divided in a variety of ways according to the end we have in view: but for our educational purposes they fall into two classes according to the capacities they incite and educate. One of these groups has been called the *Classificatory* by Dr. Whewell: it proceeds on the idea that this world is a *mundus*, is a *κόσμος*, that there is a heaven-appointed order in nature which man can discover, an arrangement with due ordination and subordination in respect of such qualities as form, color, time, and quantity, which it should be our business to seize, and distribute the innumerable plants and animals into kingdoms, and orders, and classes, and genera, and species, and varieties. The other group aims rather at find-

ing internal properties and causes, and may pass under the general name of Physics, embracing such branches as chemistry and natural philosophy, in which we seek to penetrate into the constitution of things and go back from what presents itself to what has produced it. Both groups require more than the receptive and reproductive faculties: the one requires us to discover resemblances and analogies, the other calls forth the powers of analysis and causality. The former depends more on observation proper, the latter proceeds more by experiment and tries by torturing nature without pain, to make her disclose her secret machinery. Both are inductive in their nature. Geology combines the two; proceeding on classification so far as it looks to organic remains, but from effects now visible rising to causes working many ages ago, and showing that our earth has had a wonderful history. These sciences begin by the gathering of facts, and would thence rise to the law of the facts, hoping always in the end, when they have discovered the law, to descend by deduction to the foreknowledge and prediction of phenomena. They demand and exercise very varied mental powers and are thus profitable, altogether independent of their practical fruits, which are so palpably beneficent that they allure many to the study who would never be led by the mere love of knowledge.

(4). It will not be expected of one who has devoted so much attention to the Mental Sciences, that he should overlook them or the contiguous Social Sciences, in speaking of the subjects which should have a place in a College curriculum. I am prepared to show, in spite of the scoffs of some of the votaries of physical science, that there are true mental sciences, such as Psychology, Logic, Ethics, and let me add Metaphysics, the science of first principles, and Aesthetics, or what I call Kalology, the science of beauty and sublimity; that they disclose to us laws of great scientific beauty and practical value; that the study of them is fitted at once to whet the acumen and widen the horizon of the mind; and that it is of vast importance in the present day to save us from that, I will not say gross, but subtle materialism which is at the spring-tide in England, in France, and among certain classes in Germany. We have an immediate means of knowing mind just as we have a direct means of knowing matter: we have an inward sense as well as outward senses, if we know matter by sight, touch, taste, smell and hearing, we know the varied operations of mind in

knowing and feeling by self consciousness. It is possible then to observe the facts of mind: in our own minds directly, and in other minds by the expression of their inward states in their words and acts; and it is possible to analyze and classify the phenomena, and reach laws as settled as those of natural science. This has been done with more or less success by many, beginning with Aristotle, but has been accomplished with special success by the Scottish school, such as Reid, Stewart and Hamilton.

Now, I hold that the pursuit after the fugitive facts of mind, the seizing of them under their various disguises, the discovery and the expression of the exact laws, such as those of the senses, association, memory, imagination, comparison, reasoning, the tracing of them in our own mind and those of others, furnish exercises of subtle analysis and grasping synthesis, and lead us to distinguish the things that differ, and to perceive profound and remote analogies, in a way and to an extent which cannot be matched by any other study. So much for psychology: and then we have the old mental sciences, which have had a great degree of certainty since the days of Aristotle. Thus we have Logic unfolding the laws of thought, in apprehending, judging, and reasoning generally, especially as employed in weighing evidence and reaching truth; giving rules to which the ultimate appeal must be made in all doubtful matter, and supplying a police to detect fallacies. Then there are Ethics, unfolding the laws of our motive and moral nature, of the emotions, the conscience and the will, showing how man is swayed in motive and in action, bringing us face to face with an eternal law guarded by a holy Governor, and coming down practically to the responsibilities and the daily experience of life. Scotland and Germany have got much elevation of thought from continuing to give these departments a high place in their Universities; though the latter has so far counteracted this by long running after a wild idealism, which, in these late years, has produced a reaction towards a materialistic empiricism. It is a grand defect in the two great English Universities, that they have not given an avowed place to the inductive study of the mind. True, Cambridge has always had moral philosophy, but it has been jostled into a corner by other studies, especially mathematics. Oxford has given a place to formal logic and to philosophy generally, but the latter has come in by a side door, by the school of *litteræ humaniores*, where it appears in an examination on the Republic

of Plato or the Ethics of Aristotle, and takes the form of the history of philosophy, an important branch, when philosophy itself, that is, the inductive science of the human mind, has previously been taught, but without this, keeping as far from the human mind as classics or mathematics. I believe that the present evil tendencies in these two Universities, a sickly attachment to ritualism among the weakly devout, and a rush to Comtism and materialism among another class, embracing a large number of the aspiring tutors and students, have sprung very much from the neglect of the philosophy of consciousness so fitted to generate an independence of thinking and a comprehensiveness of vision. I am glad to find that the mental sciences, and these taught in a sound, that is, inductive manner, with a constant appeal to the facts of our nature, have a fair place in the American Colleges; and within the sphere of my influence, it will be my endeavour to sustain and defend them.

Closely allied to the purely mental sciences are some others, which consider mankind in their social relations, and are, therefore, called Social Sciences, such as political economy, jurisprudence, international law, and history, considered as a branch of science, and not a mere collection of narratives. I can speak only of one of these, and that is political economy, the science which treats of the accumulation and distribution of national wealth. The inquiry calls forth some of the most useful powers of the mind, such as that of finding unity and law in complexities; of arguing the true causes from mixed effects; and of foreseeing consequences in very perplexing circumstances. It also furnishes a fine example of the joint inductive and deductive methods. It has a special importance in a nation like this, where the government is in the hands of so many, and where it is of such moment to create an intelligent public sentiment, and where wrong economical views would issue in such wide-spread mischief. The study is surely of very particular value to all who are to guide public opinion by the press. The periodical literature, which exercises such influence in this country, will never be elevated till those who supply it have, as a rule, a college education in the principles of political science.

Now I hold that, in a University, *Studium Generale*, there should be representatives at least of each of this fourfold division of subjects. And if our years were as many as those of the antediluvians, or as long as those of the planet Jupiter, I would be inclined to enjoin all of them on every

student. But the farther of medicine has told us 'Ο βίος βραχὺ ἐν δὲ τέχνῃ μακρὴ, and an attempt to enforce all in a course of four years would, at best, secure a smattering of all, without a real knowledge of any, and your *magister artium* would be a "jack of all trades and a master of none." I say, if you are to admit, as you must in justice as well as in expediency, the new branches without excluding the old, then you must allow a choice. All should be in the University, open to all; but all should not be compulsory on each. The question then arises, and I believe it to be the most practical and pressing of all, with whom should the selection lie? With the University, that is, the governing body? or with the students? My answer is, with both.

It should be so far ruled by the University, as to secure that all the branches be taught academically, taught scientifically, and that, in order to the Master's Degree, every student should go through an enlarged course — a course calling forth the various faculties, and embracing representatives of the four groups, languages, mathematics with applications, physical and mental science. I am prepared to maintain that a University should not give an unrestricted choice to one claiming the literary and scientific degree; if this were done, the student would be tempted to take the easiest subject and the least profitable because so easy; or adhere to the one he had first learned; or confine himself to the one for which he had a taste; whereas, the object of a higher education should be to call forth all the faculties, and widen the sphere of vision. In Germany, where each student chooses his own programme, I believe evils have arisen from the unlimited license; though these are lessened by the circumstance, that he has commonly a defined professional examination before him. There is a great risk in these times of minds of great power and strong tastes, becoming very narrow in some respects, and altogether misshapen, by the exclusive culture of certain faculties to the neglect of others. We see the fisher with broad chest and brawny arms, but with small thin limbs, because the rowing has expanded one part of the frame and allowed the other to shrink; so we find great classicists, and great physicists, and great mathematicians, and great metaphysicians, weaker than others, when taken out of their own magic circle, in fact, silly and childish, and despising every other department of knowledge. If there are evils in sectarianism in religion, there are like evils in a scientific partisanship; if it is wrong to divide the body of Christ, it is



equally improper to divide the body of science, in which all the members are so intimately connected with each other, that no one has a right to say to its neighbor, I have no need of thee. It should be one of the aims of a University to correct this one-sidedness of mind, which is infinitely more unhealthy than any mal-development of the body. It is to be counteracted by requiring every student to have such an acquaintance with each of the grand groups as to know the elements, to have an idea of its method, and to be able to appreciate its importance.

But keeping within this limit prescribed by the final cause of a University, there may surely be a choice allowed the student. In these days, when the circle of knowledge is so widened, the days of universal scholars is seen to be gone by, and if any one pretends to have mastered *omne scibile*, he must be a mere book-worm, if he is not a coxcomb, or a pedant dull as a dictionary. A selection, then, must be made, and this may surely be partly left to the student; he may sometimes go wrong, but far more frequently he will be led aright by irrepressible, inborn instinct. As all have not the same intellectual stature, it is unnatural to force all to stretch on the same Procrustes' bed; and, if you attempt it, you will only cripple the mental frame. All are not born with the same aptitudes and tastes; and the same reasons which induce us to cultivate our natural talents should lead us to encourage, foster, and develop special genius, when God has bestowed it. Any youth of ordinary capacity may learn elementary mathematics, and will be profited by it; but I defy you, even "with a pitchfork," to make every one a great mathematician, or to force a taste for the study. Every educated man should know classics till he can read any ordinary work, and enjoy the literature of the great authors; but I would not have him drilled thus the whole years of his course, provided he has shown meanwhile a decided taste for other studies. How often have we found the youth, sick of dead languages and abstract formulæ, feeling an inexpressible sense of relief, and as if a new life were imparted to him, when he is allowed to turn to the contemplation of the beauties of nature, or the wonders of the human mind.

I am inclined to think that, in the early years of College attendance, there should be an introduction to representatives of the principal branches of learning and knowledge. I am convinced that these might be so taught as to furnish a gratification, a pleasure, *gaudia severa*, to the student, by

the variety of food presented. I have heard it argued that the horse was not so soon wearied in old times, when he had to go up hill and down dale alternately, and had thus a change in the muscles exercised, as he now is, when the strain is on the same muscles from morning to night on our leveled roads. However this may be, it is certain that a student, when wearied of one subject, feels himself refreshed when allowed to turn to another requiring a different set of powers. With an introduction in the first two years or so to varied representative branches, I would allow considerable divergences, were it only to avoid a workhouse uniformity of dress and exercise, in the third and fourth years; nay, I would allow time for peculiar studies, and even miscellaneous reading, at least in vacation time. You see I would not have a choice made till there has been an introduction to all the groups; for, until the student has entered a department, and gone a certain length, how can he know whether he has a taste for it or no; how can he know whether he has an aptitude for geometry till he has gone over the books of Euclid. Supposing a boy to begin Latin at the age of nine or ten, I hold that by seventeen or eighteen, he might have a general acquaintance with, and an appreciative recognition of the value of, the various departments of useful knowledge; and then, within the wide bounds prescribed by the College, I would set him free to follow the bent of his nature wherever it may carry him.

The question is often discussed whether it is better to have a general knowledge of various subjects, or a thorough acquaintance with one? You see how I would decide the question. In these days, when all the forces are seen to be correlated, and all the sciences to be connected, I would have every educated man acquire a broad, general acquaintance with a number and a variety of branches, and I would have this followed up by a devoted study of a few or of one. To use a distinction which I met with the other day in reading James Melville's Diary, let education first be "circumferential," then "central." This, I believe, is following the course of nature, which, as every physiologist knows, begins with the general, and then develops into the special. Thus far I would encourage *πολυμαθεια* that it may lead us to *μυαμθεια*. I would first allow the energies to disperse, as from the sun, and then I would collect them into a focus, as by a lens. In this way I would seek to combine width of view with concentrated energy. Let the student

first be taken, as it were, to an eminence, whence he may behold the whole country, with its connected hills, vales, and streams lying below him, and then be encouraged to dive down into some special place seen and selected from the height, that he may linger in it, and explore it minutely and thoroughly.

### III. IN WHAT MODE SHOULD THE SUBJECTS BE TAUGHT?

By professors or by tutors? by lectures or dry text-books? In Oxford, in Cambridge, and in Dublin, the teaching is chiefly by tutors giving instruction to pupils one by one, or in small companies. In Germany, in Scotland, and the Queen's Colleges, Ireland, the teaching is by lectures delivered by professors, accompanied in the two last by class examinations, more or less formal. In Scotland there were professors, both last century and this, who did little more than deliver lectures, often very brilliant and stimulating, and fitted to rouse susceptible minds, which often felt satisfied but without being filled with anything solid. There has been a reaction against this extreme, and now considerable attention is paid to examinations; and tutors are employed to assist the professors, and in most cases a text-book is employed.

The question is keenly discussed, which of these methods is the preferable? I hold, on the one hand, that lectures serve most important ends. True, they may not give more information than a text-book, but they bring the living lecturer into immediate contact with the living pupils. There is great advantage, also, in having the students in companies, that is, in classes, and these considerably large ones. This arises not so much from mere emulation, that *calcar industrie*, of which the great Jesuit schools made so much use, as from the heads and hearts being made to beat in unison—as even two time-pieces going at different rates will come to do when placed on the same wall; it arises from the living connection of the parts, the sympathy and reciprocity in a living organism, such as a class ought to be. In teaching, the first thing is to awaken the pupils; sometimes this can be done by persuasion—as Montaigne was awakened in the morning, when a boy, by music; more frequently it is by a rousing call, as by a trumpet; most commonly it is by the stir of companions. When a class is roused into activity, the members get fully as much benefit from one another, each one drawing or pushing his neighbor, as from

the teacher, whose highest business will be to keep up the unity and the life. The coldest and hardest objects may be made to strike fire by collision. Davy melted two pieces of ice by rubbing them against each other; and the coldest and most obstinate natures may get fire and diffuse heat by being kept by the impetus of a lively teacher in constant molecular motion. The Rev. Mr. Pattison, speaking of Oxford, says: "In respect of seventy per cent. of its students, it is idle, hopelessly and incorrigibly idle."\* There is no such lamentable disproportion, as I can testify, in those who receive benefit in Scotland and in the Irish Colleges, and this arises very much from the stimulus given by class lectures.

On the other hand, there is a risk that, in a large class, a great many, the cunning, the dull, and the idle, escape in the crowd; and the copious matter poured forth by the professor is apt to be like those gushing torrents of rain shower, which run off immediately into the rivers and the sea, without sinking into the soil to fertilize it. It is evident that a skillful tutor, taking up an individual pupil, can make him acquire a minute accuracy, so preferable to the vagueness and looseness with which so many content themselves in a promiscuous class. We are thus shut up to the conclusion, that in a perfect method, there should be a judicious combination of the two.† The lecture must be continued to give large general views, and communicate a stimulus, as by an electric current, to the whole class. But, then, there must be rigid examinations, from week to week, almost from day to day, to make the pupils "chew and digest,"

\* Another defect of the tutorial system is graphically described by Mr. Pattison: "Philosophy is taught not by professors who have given a life to the mastery of some one of the branches of moral or political science, but by young tutors. He is often too young to have had the time to study. He never will obtain the time, for his business as tutor is conceived to be to push his men through the portals of some examination which is awaiting them. Accordingly, he reads in his vacation, or in such moments of leisure as he can snatch, the last new book on the subject. He becomes, of course, an immediate convert to the theory of the latest speculator; he retails the same in his lectures, recommending it, perhaps, by eloquence and learning all his own, and when he becomes examiner, he examines on it." This candid passage lets us into the secret of the tendency towards German Idealism and Rationalism, which appeared in Oxford and Cambridge in the last age, and the degradation towards Contism and Materialism in the present age.

† I may be allowed to state, that in my two regular classes of logic and metaphysics, in Queen's College, I devoted one half the time to the delivery of elaborate lectures, and the other half to examination on these lectures, and on text-books, and to the criticism of essays. But I had also an Honor Class for higher logic and the history of philosophy, attended by those who had a special taste for the study.

as Bacon expresses it, the food; and that the teacher may know to impart instruction in the measure that they are able to receive it. With the lecture, which can only be heard once, and if lost on that one occasion, is lost forever, there should be text-books, on which the student may turn back once and again, as may suit his capacity and convenience. I hold that every professor should have not only a large general class, to which he gives an impetus by lecturing, he should have a small class of those who lag behind to be taught by an assistant, and also a select class taught by himself, and composed of the few who are to be made thoroughly masters of the subject, or engage in independent research. I am most anxious to see whether the American method, with its combined lectures and recitations, does or does not supply and unite these requisites.

#### IV. WHAT IS THE PLACE AND THE VALUE OF EXAMINATIONS?

I refer now not to class-examinations or recitations which ought to be weekly, almost daily, but to general College-examinations on courses gone over or on subjects prescribed. These occupy a very important place in European Universities. A "first" and a "double first" class in Oxford, a place as a "wrangler" in Cambridge, are obtained by examinations, and upon these the valuable money fellowships depend. The fellowships in Dublin, which are of great value, are gained directly by competitive examinations. The honors and the scholarships of the Queen's University and Queen's Colleges are determined in the same manner. Of late years the Scottish Colleges have been copying from the English ones; on this point, I believe greatly to their advantage. In Germany there are no ordinary Class or College examinations, but at the close, the students are examined by bureaus in order to their entrance on any office, ecclesiastical or civil.

Some people think that in certain of these Colleges there is too much of official and grading examination, and that the aim of the teaching is not to improve the mind, or even to convey a mastery of the subject, but simply so to drill that the result may appear in the answers; and the impression left is that subjects and studies are valued not for their own intrinsic value, but as they come out in the examinations. It is certain that the examinations may come so often as to interrupt the course of study or bring it to a premature conclusion—in short the plant may be kept from growing by fumbling too often about its roots to see

if it is making progress. Then there is the evil of *cram*, in which an immense mass of food is taken at once, without the possibility of digesting it, and with all the evil of a surfeit. I have been told by young men, who have made up a science in a month or two for an examination, that they have lost it as speedily as they gained it, and have retained little else than an aversion to the study. It is certain that the preparation for an examination and a successful competition can never serve the purpose accomplished by a College residence: by well-cooked food being served up from day to day; by sitting habitually under a teacher competent for his work, and interested in it; by constant intercourse and interchange of thought with fellow-students; by recourse to well-furnished libraries and museums, and by the stimulus of College societies. The London University is now a mere examining body, giving degrees to all who can stand a trial on the subjects prescribed. I have no objection that there should be one such University to meet the case of those diligent youths who can not find it possible to attend a College course. But I should deplore to find the other Universities of the country reduced to the same level—when an attempt was made to turn the Queen's University into an examining board we successfully resisted the attempt. We must beware of making learning appear in the view of youth with the fixed passive gaze of the Egyptian Sphinx; we must seek to make it wear the life and the play of the Grecian Apollo. In a properly regulated course of study there must be leisure for rest and refreshing, for occasional promiscuous reading, and for rumination on the past, and for looking into the future. The student character and solid scholarship are to be formed, as the crust of the earth has been, by continual deposits building up layer upon layer; and the competitive examinations are to come in at the close, like the upheaving forces of the earth to consolidate what is scattered as sand, and to uplift it and expose it to the view.

You see what is the view I take of examinations. I object to their being made a substitute for College residence, College attendance and training, which are of more value than any competitive trials. They are the folding and sealing of the document, which, however, in order to fulfil any purpose must first have been written out. But then they do serve a most important end when they come in to complete a collegiate course, shorter or longer. They then wind up the previous studies; they necessari-

tate a revision of the whole; they bring every route to a point, and thus show us the connections of the studies gone over separately. It is a matter of fact that there is always more of accuracy of scholarship, and mastery of detail in those Colleges, in which there are careful revising examinations, than in those, in which there are merely loose lecturing and daily recitations. And there is no other way of determining fitness for graduation, for scholarship and for fellowships, than by some sort of competition, in which examinations must constitute the main element, always it may be with essays and original research.

#### V. WHAT ENCOURAGEMENT SHOULD BE GIVEN TO COLLEGIATE SCHOLARSHIP?

In many of the Colleges of Europe immense sums are expended every year in prizes, scholarships and fellowships. In Oxford there are eighty scholarships, of the average value of £65, open to competition every year on the part of undergraduate students; and for those, who have taken the degree, there are three hundred fellowships, worth about £300 a year each; the whole amounting to £90,000, and some twenty or thirty of these fall vacant annually. In the Queen's Colleges £1500 a year is set apart in each for scholarships; and there are large money honors to be obtained by competition at the examinations of the Queen's University. The scholarships and fellowships, connected with the University of Edinburgh, are especially worthy of being looked to by the friends of higher education in America, inasmuch as they have all been supplied by private benevolence, and within the last few years. I will not specify those allocated to junior students, but it may be useful to refer to those reserved for graduates or advanced students. There is the Mackenzie Scholarship worth £120 a year, gained by eminence in classical and English literature, and tenable for four years. There is a Greek Travelling Scholarship, tenable for one year, and worth £70. There are four Baxter Scholarships, each worth £60 a year, and tenable for not more than four years; one for the best answering in mathematics, the second for the best answering in mental philosophy, the third for the best answering in physics, and the fourth in natural history. The Drummond Scholarship is worth £100 a year, and is tenable for three years; it is devoted to mathematics. There are three Tyndal Bruce Scholarships, each worth £100 a year, and tenable for three years; one for general scholarship, a second for philosophical and a third for Mathematical Scholarship. There

is the Guthrie Fellowship devoted to classical literature, worth £100 a year, and tenable for four years; and the Hamilton Fellowship, allocated to logic, metaphysics and moral philosophy, of the value of £100 a year, and continued for three years; and the Classical Fellowship with £100, and tenable for three years. There are scholarships in divinity and medicine, which I pass over—to refer only to the Swiney Lectureship in Geology, worth £144; and tenable for five years. Besides these endowments confined to Edinburgh, there are others open to the graduates of any Scottish University; thus there are three Ferguson Scholarships, of £80 each, devoted respectively to classics, mathematics and mental science; and the Shaw Fellowship in mental philosophy, worth £160, and tenable for two years. It is acknowledged on all hands that an immense impulse has been given to learning by these munificent foundations.

In such American Colleges as Princeton, the average answering at graduation, is quite equal, I believe, to that of the best of the European Universities.\* But I rather think that there are a select few in several British and German Universities, who go beyond what has been attained on this side the Atlantic. And, I believe, that this has been effected very much by the encouragement given to higher scholarship on the part of the students. Is there no way by which you Americans, while retaining all your present excellencies, may acquire what others have gained? This, I believe, could be accomplished by providing some sort of higher Scholarships or Fellowships as a reward of diligence and success in the past; and obliging those who accept them to continue their studies after graduation under the superintendence of the College. The grand hindrance to higher learning in the Colleges here is to be found in the circumstance that the best students, after getting their degree, rush at once into professional pursuits, and make no farther progress, if indeed they do not lose what they have so laboriously acquired. The friends of the American Colleges could not benefit them so effectually as by providing that those who have taste and talent for higher scholarship should have an inducement to continue their studies after graduation as having a means

\* I am surprised to find Mr. Pattison (*Academical Organization*, p. 150) saying, "In America scientific culture has never been introduced. It has no Universities, such as we understand by the term; the institutions so called being merely places for granting titular degrees." He refers in proof to the course of studies in Yale University—a course which seems to me to be a very good one.

of sustaining themselves while they do so. These distinguished alumni should be required to pursue special lines of study or to travel; and might be encouraged to produce the results in brief courses of lectures, delivered under the sanction of the College, and sure to be appreciated by the students.

There is another way in which the interests of education have been much promoted both in Prussia and Great Britain, and that is by Government patronage bestowed on those who succeed at public examinations. In Prussia, young men can enter the learned professions of law, medicine, and the church only through the Universities and an examination. Not only so, but in order to entrance on the civil service of the country, an attendance at a gymnasium or University, followed by a rigid examination, is required. In Great Britain, all young men entering the public service, military, medical, or civil, down to tide-waiters and office porters, must submit to a literary examination. In many, offices such as the Royal Engineers and the Medical and Civil Service of India are to be had in this way and in no other. Some of the most valuable public offices in the world are gained in this way, such as the civil offices of India, which begin with £400 or £500 a year, and speedily rise to £1000, or possibly £1500, open to all young men. I am far from saying that this mode of appointment to Government employment is not liable to theoretical objections; but practically it is found to be vastly preferable to the old method, which proceeded by nepotism, or by political partisanship, in which the Member of Parliament was obliged to recommend the youth, who was pressed upon him by his supporters in his county or borough. There is, of course, always a risk of failure in the case of the appointment of untried young men; but when it depends on the success at a severe competitive trial in the higher branches, there is a security that the youth must possess good abilities; that he has a power of application and perseverance; and that he has not spent his time in indolence or vice — which last capacity or incapacity was sometimes reckoned as constituting his aptitude for the situation — those, unfit for anything else, being often foisted into a government office, when their friends happened to have influence with the dominant party. It is surely worthy of consideration, whether the offices in this country, requiring to be filled by young men, might not with advantage to the community, and to the great encouragement of learning, be thrown open

to public competition instead of being determined by political partisanship.

#### VI. SHOULD THERE BE UNIVERSITY EXTENSION?

This is a question, which requires to be agitated in some parts of Europe. The German speaking nations, with their fifty-eight universities and nineteen thousand students, do not seem to stand in need of such extension; nor does Scotland, with its four old efficient universities; nor Ireland with its two universities, and its four state-endowed and its various denominational Colleges. But England certainly has much need of the establishment of new Colleges, especially in its great centres of wealth and population, such as London, and Manchester, and Bristol, and Newcastle.

Every friend of education and of mankind will rejoice to see Colleges extending all over this country; from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Maine to New Mexico; advancing with the population of the country, refining its energy, and purifying its wealth. But we have a right to ask that, while new Universities are encouraged, the old be not discouraged. I believe that excessive multiplication of small and ill-sustained Colleges in a district may be an enormous evil. In these days of rapid locomotion it is of little moment to a student, whether he have to go ten or twenty miles to a College, one hundred miles or five hundred. I believe that there is always more of stimulus, more of success, more of life, less of conceit, less of narrowness, of sectarianism, of knottiness, in large classes and large Colleges than in small ones. Care should certainly be taken that, in the excessive competition, the food do not become adulterated; that the new Colleges do not drag down the old till all sink to a Dead Sea level. We should rather strive that the old be bringing up the new to a higher standard; and that we have a number of Colleges thoroughly equipped by able men, by extensive apparatus, and by chairs for teaching every high branch of literature and science. We must not yield to the temptation, to which we are exposed, of sending unripe fruit into the market; or, to vary the metaphor, of resting contented with lumber fabrics. In new and waste countries they must be satisfied, and we do not blame them, with the log cabin; but then they rise as speedily as possible to the frame house; and as the country becomes older they would have the more solid brick and the stone; and now not only your capitols,



but not a few of your private dwellings, are of marble. There ought to be such an ascension in your Colleges as the country grows older and richer: in the far West they may start with little better than our High Schools; but in the older East we must not rest satisfied till we have institutions to rival the grand old Universities of Europe, such as Oxford, and Cambridge, and Berlin, and Edinburgh.

What makes Oxford and Cambridge have such an influence on those who live within their walls, and which is sensibly felt even by those who pay them only a passing visit? The great men who have been there, and who still seem to look down upon us; the living men, not unworthy of them, and who are pointed out to us, as they walk through the courts; the talk of the tripos and the first class, and the double first and the wranglerships; the quiet life in the Colleges, and the active life in the examination halls, in the societies and the great University meetings; the manuscripts, the old books, the museums, all these create an academic atmosphere, in which it is bracing to breathe, and is felt to be more stimulating than all the excellent teaching of the tutors. Will our numerous friends not join with the professors and students in striving to create such an atmosphere here in Princeton, where we have grand names in the past, and need only like men in the present: by accessions to our apparatus and our library, and encouragements to the students to go on to the higher learning; and by the founding of new chairs of literature and science to make our College as adapted to these times as our forefathers made it suitable to their day?

For the handsome and considerate kindness shown by those who have so endeared themselves to me, as well as benefited this College, by endowing the presidential office, and furnishing me with a comfortable home, I here give public and hearty thanks. My personal comforts being provided for, I am free to look to other interests. Of late years, certain generous benefactors have endowed chairs in the College, and now we have a princely merchant devoting a large sum to its extension generally, and a well-known friend of science aims at placing on our height, with its wide horizon, the finest observatory in the world. They will be followed, I trust, by others. The friends of Princeton must come forward at this time to uphold her, and make her worthy of her ancient reputation, and enable her to advance with the times: one whom God has blessed, increasing the sala-

ries of our hard-working and under-paid professors, who should be set free from drudgery and worldly anxieties to give a portion of their energy to the furtherance of learning and science; a second, by providing further accommodation for our students, that we may receive and house comfortably all who apply; a third by erecting a gymnasium for the bracing of the bodily frame; \* a fourth, by enlarging our library or scientific apparatus; a fifth, by founding a scholarship, or junior fellowship for the encouragement of letters and high merit among students; and a sixth, by founding a new chair required by the progress of knowledge: we have scope here for every man's tastes and predilections.

Speaking of the desirableness of elevating the learning in our higher institutions, I have sometimes thought that, as Oxford University combines some twenty-two Colleges, and Cambridge eighteen, so there might in this country be a combination of Colleges in one University. Let every State have one University to unite all its Colleges, and appointing examiners and bestowing honors of considerable pecuniary value on more deserving students. Some such combination as this, while it would promote a wholesome rivalry among the Colleges, would, at the same time, keep up the standard of erudition. Another benefit would arise: the examination of the candidates being conducted not by those who taught them, but by elected examiners, would give a high and catholic tone to the teaching in the Colleges. I throw out the idea that thinking men may ponder it.

But returning to ourselves. New Jersey College has a great prestige, second, I believe, to no other in the United States. But we cannot live on our past reputation — any more than our frames can be sustained on the food which we have partaken days ago. In these times, when it is known that all things move, earth and sun, stars and constellations, we cannot stop or remain stationary, except at the risk of being thrown out of our sphere, without the power of returning to it. In this new country, we have to look to our children more than our fathers, and "instead of the fathers shall be the children." You will have seen from the whole train of these observations, that I aim at keeping up the academic standard at Princeton. I have not torn myself from my native land and friends to be the mere head of a Mechanics' Institute; I would rather you should

\* Immediately after the Inauguration, two gentlemen subscribed \$10,000 each, for the erection of a gymnasium.

send me back to my old country at once than make me and your College submit to such humiliation. This College will repay the debt which it owes to the country not in a depreciated currency, but in the genuine coin, with the flying eagle upon it and the golden ring. Parents and guardians sending their sons to this venerable institution must have a security that they will receive as high an education as any College in this country—as any College in any country can furnish.

#### VII. WHAT PLACE SHOULD RELIGION HAVE IN OUR COLLEGES?

In Scotland the Established Church long claimed an authority over the Colleges, and over all their teaching, and provided a form of religion. I can testify that it was little more than a form, and this not always the form of sound words. For years past the control of the Church of Scotland over anything but the theological professors has been taken away, and with it all that remained of the form has disappeared: and now the Scottish Colleges profess to give nothing more than secular instruction, men of piety always seeking to imbue their whole teaching with a religious spirit. The keen battle being at present fought in England is likely to terminate in the same issue. But good men concerned about the religion and morality of young men cannot allow things to continue in that state. How, then, is religion to be grafted on State Colleges open to all whatever their religious profession? I have thought much on this subject, and labored with some success to realize my idea in Belfast.\* Let the State provide the secular instruction and the churches provide the religious training in the homes in which the students reside.

But, passing from foreign topics, this College has had a religious character in time past, and it will be my endeavor to see that it has the same in time to come. Religion should burn in the hearts, and shine, though they wis it not, from the face of the teachers; and it should have a living power in our meetings for worship, and should sanctify the air of the rooms in

which the students reside. And in regard to religious truth, there will be no uncertain sound uttered within these walls. What is proclaimed here will be the old truth which has been from the beginning: which was shown in shadow in the Old Testament; which was exhibited fully in the New Testament as in a glass; which has been retained by the one Catholic Church in the darkest ages; which was long buried, but rose again at the Reformation; which was maintained by the grand old theologians of Germany, Switzerland, England, and Scotland; and is being defended with great logical power in the famous Theological Seminary with which this College is so closely associated. But over this massive and clearly-defined old form of sound words, I would place no theological doctor, not Augustine, not Luther, not Calvin, not Edwards, but another and far fairer face lifted up that it may draw all eyes towards it—"Jesus at once the author and the finisher of our faith." A religion of a neutral tint has nothing in it to attract the eye or the heart of the young or the old. I believe that the religion which can have any power in moving the minds and moulding the character of students or of others, must be the pure evangel of Jesus Christ.

But you will expect of one descended from the old Covenanting stock, who fought so resolutely for the rights of conscience, and whose blood dyed the heather hills of Scotland; from one who was brought up in a district where there are martyrs' tombs in every church-yard; from one who was connected for so many years with the Irish system of national education, which allows no one to tamper with the religious convictions of pupils, that he shall take care that every one here shall have full freedom of thought: that whatever be his religious creed or political party, be he from the North, or be he from the South, be he of a white or a dark color, he shall have free access to all the benefits which this college can bestow; and that a minority, nay, even a single conscientious individual, shall be protected from the tyranny of the majority, and encouraged to pursue his studies without molestation, provided always that not being interfered with himself, he does not interfere with others.

You have called me to the highest office, so I esteem it, which your great country could place at my disposal. But if I know my own heart, I am not vain, I am not even proud, as I might be, of the distinction conferred upon me. I am rather awed at the thought of the responsibility

\* The Methodist body has spent £24,000 in erecting a fine College in the immediate neighborhood of Queen's College, Belfast. The students take the ordinary academic branches in Queen's College, and receive specially religious and theological instruction in their own College. The Irish Presbyterians have subscribed £3,000 for the erection of students' chambers attached to their Theological College, and open to all students intended for the ministry, whether in the Queen's College or the Theological College. I am convinced that it is in some such way as this that the churches are to provide religious instruction in connection with the State Colleges of Great Britain.

lying upon me. I come here, I find, amid high expectations, and how am I ever to come up to them? I get this College with a high reputation, and what if its lustre should diminish? My name is this day added to the roll which begins with Dickenson and Aaron Burr, embraces Jonathan Edwards, Davies, Finley, Witherspoon, Smith, Green, Carnahan, who have left their impress not only on this College, but on their country and times, and comes to one, who for long years felt so deep an interest in the welfare of the students, who was able to teach nearly every department in the institution over which he presided, and whom we will all delight to honor as he passes his remaining days in peace among us. Of a king in Israel it is said, that they buried him in the city, "but they brought him not into the sepulchres of the kings of Israel." I confess I should like, when my work is finished, to be buried among these kings in the realms of thought, that my dust may mingle with their dust,

and my spirit mount to pure and eternal communion with them in heaven. I feel that the labor meanwhile will be congenial to me; my whole past life as a student, as a minister, and as a professor, should prepare me for it. My tastes have ever led me towards intercourse with young men. I have the same estimate of youth that the Spartans had, when Antipater demanded of them fifty youths as hostages; they answered, they would rather give twice the number of grown men. I rejoice that my lot calls me to labor among young men. I wish to enter into their feelings, to sympathize with them in their difficulties—with their doubts in these days of criticism, to help them in their fights, and rejoice with them in their triumphs. And so I devote my life, any gifts which God has given me, my experience as a minister of religion in a great era in the history of Scotland, my experience as a professor in a young and living College, under God to you and your service.

THE Patriarch of Constantinople appears to be an able and intelligent man. On receiving the summons from the Pope to the so-called Ecumenical Council of next December, he stated to the Pope's messenger that he knew its substance from having read it in the newspapers, and that, being what it was, he must decline to receive it. If the Pope, he said, had really wished to restore union, his course should have been not to summon his equals, the various Eastern Patriarchs, but to apply to them to know on what terms an agreement to summon such a Council could be arrived at, and then summon such an assembly in concert. As it was, the Pope's mere *modus operandi* assumed the whole point in dispute. Moreover, he thought for himself that the only mode of recovering unity would be for all parties to go back ten centuries to the creed and practice of the Church before the time of the rupture, and strike off anything added, or add anything lost, by every one of the branches since that date. As for the Council of Florence, which had overruled the Eastern views, it was an "assembly collected on political grounds, on grounds of pure worldly interest, which ended in a decision imposed for a time on some few of our Church by dint of starvation, and every kind of violence and threat by him who was then Pope. Such an assembly is not even worthy of the sacred name of 'council.'" In a word, the Patriarch of Constantinople appeared to understand the situation in every sense, — political, ecclesiastical, theological, —

and the emissaries of the Pope carried back the unopened letter.

Spectator, 2 Jan.

THE Pope appears to deplore the movement for the education of girls heartily. He evidently holds that if the girls of Europe are to be educated, the women of Europe will cease to be Roman Catholics; and if the women of Europe cease to be Roman Catholics, it is all over with the Pope. The particular occasion of his anxiety is the foundation of a college for women at Montpelier, which has been supported and patronized by a "highly pious princess," but which the Pope thinks will "inflate" women's minds with "the pride of a vain and impotent science," instead of fitting them to be good mothers and useful members of society. It is curious to see even the Pope compelled to encounter the modern spirit on its own ground and not on his own. If he said what he evidently in his heart desires, it would be that schools and colleges for men and women alike should be abolished, as tending to inflate the mind with "the pride of a vain and impotent science," but he is compelled to take the weaker ground of denouncing education for women only. For the ignorance of men it is no longer possible to contend. The ignorance of women is still the stronghold of the Papacy; but would it not be better policy to resist it by secret organization, than thus openly to blurt out the facts?

Spectator, 26 Dec.

From The Saturday Review.

**SPEDDING'S LIFE AND LETTERS OF LORD BACON.\***

SECOND NOTICE.

MR. SPEDDING, in interpreting the indications which remain of Bacon's motives and conduct, finds nothing but what might become a wise man to attempt, and a good man to wish for and avow. In Bacon's undisguised purpose to prove himself of service to the Crown in Parliament, in his suggestions of a Government policy to baffle the rising power of the House of Commons, in the part which he took in pushing so high the King's prerogative, Mr. Spedding argues with great earnestness and ingenuity that he was justified by the circumstances of the time, that his views were large, far-sighted, and public-spirited, and that he never passed the limits of honesty and right. James's policy was not perhaps more arbitrary in its acts than Elizabeth's had been; but it aimed more distinctly at a theory—admitted in words, and argued out into propositions, by judges and Parliaments—of absolute royalty. Elizabeth was despotic by genius and by popularity; James was despotic by legal inventions and interpretations, as his son was by an unhappy mixture of audacity and finesse. His aim was to place his Government, like the chief Continental monarchies, above inconvenient interference and control, above the Parliament, above the judges, above the law. His simple plan of administrative service was that a king ought to have, first, his confidential favourites, and then his obedient and subservient instruments; and he sought to manage men, in emulation of the vaunted prudence of the great foreign masters of statecraft, by imposing and awful pretensions, and by dexterous humouring; by playing off one part of their nature, or one set of objects or demands, against another. He was partly successful; but if he had been as successful as he tried to be, we suppose that the history of England would have been much more like that of France or Spain than any one now can wish it to have been. Of this policy Bacon was a forward and able champion. With those who see, or believe that they see, what this policy would have led to, this is a point against him hard to be got over. His immense powers, his inexhaustible fertility of exposition and argument, his keen and delicate perception of the springs of action and the weaknesses of men, were used against the side of liberty, were laid with

free and cheerful will at the service of an extreme policy of prerogative, which we see now to have been a fatal one, and which we read of with indignation and shame. The broad fact hardly admits of debate. But at the same time it is quite open for any one to urge that all this, which is so clear to us, was by no means so clear then. We come to the history of Bacon's times with impressions and experience derived from results which were to him what the state of the world in the year 2000 is to us, and of which not the wildest or most daring imagination or the deepest prudence could have made the faintest forecast. It is true and fair to say that to defend prerogative in James's reign *was* not the same thing as it inevitably appears to us who know certainly what it must come to. It was the way, the accepted way, with wise and good men as well as with scoundrels and tyrants, to what wise and good men saw to be supremely necessary—a strong Government. We may call it part of the infelicity of their times, but they found it hard, and it was hard, to reconcile with the power to keep down anarchy the undefined claims and often the threatening aspects of rising liberty. That Bacon sought to serve the King, and served him according to the fashion of the time, may be entirely compatible both with his honesty, his public spirit, and—making allowances for the finite nature, which we are so apt to forget, of the range of human powers—with his wisdom. It is perfectly capable of a favourable interpretation, even if we can see now that he was mistaken, and on the wrong side.

But to say that it is capable of a favourable interpretation is not necessarily to say that it deserves it. That must depend on the merits of the case. Mr. Spedding has examined Bacon's course with the utmost care and leisurely deliberation. And on his mind the result of this prolonged inquiry has left an impression entirely favourable to Bacon. Step by step, as the things come up which are supposed to make against him, Mr. Spedding sifts the charge or the suspicion, and if we adopt his conclusions we shall say that they rest on worthless evidence, or on evident misunderstanding and misrepresentation. He finds no traces of a temper servile to power, or of an unworthy readiness to be its servant and instrument. Bacon, of course, cannot be thought of as an enthusiast for absolute royalty, as perhaps James was; but there is nothing to make us think that Bacon's zeal in furnishing the King with legal grounds in pushing his prerogative to extreme lengths wore the

\* *The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon.* Edited by James Spedding. Vols. III. and IV. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

appearance then of exaggeration, or had other than public ends. In each questionable case Mr. Spedding finds that there is good reason to be given for the part which Bacon took. If we accept Mr. Spedding's account, few great men have been wronged like Lord Bacon. The wisdom and largeness of mind which we admire in his reasonings on man and nature are equally conspicuous in his public career and his dealings with matters of law and State.

The conclusions of a man like Mr. Spedding, on a subject which he has made the work of his life, obviously demand the utmost respect. And as far as he has gone he has not met, except in one instance, with anything on which a friend of Bacon may not yet have something to say. He has not yet come, except in the case of Lord Essex, on any of what seem the difficult parts of Bacon's career. Bacon's desire for the King's service, which was the path in which men in public life then sought power, is easily to be understood, even if somewhat excessive. What he did in the King's service, as Councillor and Solicitor, may perhaps, after all, have been little more than the work, undoubtedly able and sagacious, of a zealous official, magnifying the business of his own department; and even what seem to us his unconstitutional doctrines had their roots among the confused elements of the English law. His general views, when he states them, as on the Union or on Church controversies, are public-spirited and statesmanlike, even if the bias is evident to carry on the work of government by an aggressive and dominant prerogative, helped out by a dexterous manœuvring amid the follies and cross-purposes of men. In all this there is much of which it is hard to say whether we most dislike its spirit and tendency, or admire its curious subtlety and understanding of the times. But all this belongs to the day; perhaps, in reality, to our day as much as to Bacon's. What Bacon really was must be sought, for the present, not here, but in the glimpses which he gives of his temper, his motives, his standard of feeling and principle, in what we have remaining of his more personal writings and dealings. And they are comparatively not very numerous. But when we come to these indications, and compare them with the inferences from them, we must say that the impression which we get of Bacon, when we read them by themselves, is one thing; that which we get from Mr. Spedding's annotations on them is another.

Bacon's case was a peculiar one. He knew, and it was plain to all, that he had

great powers; he wanted employment and place, and he wanted money, which was necessary for his high tastes and purposes, and of which he was a bad manager; and he had great friends. But for some reason or other there were difficulties about his rising. He set his mind to work to discover the rules and means by which a man in his condition might rise; and he came to some definite conclusions on the subject, of which indications are found in his remains. His theory of the practices of a successful man shows nothing consciously immoral or base; but it seems to imply a very modest estimate of what is high-principled, honourable, and manly. Gathering it from the papers we come across here, we should say that it turned a man's thoughts to the holders of power as persons who were sure to be right and good, and that its rules were, obsequiousness tempered by judicious shows of remonstrance, and unlimited readiness to be of use. A man, he seems to have thought, could not do wrong in doing what was wanted by a Queen like Elizabeth, or a King like James. He has put this into words; his conduct, as far as we can trace it, is consistent with such a scheme of life; and to much that is perhaps open to debate it seems to supply the key, and to solve doubts unfavourable to him.

There are two places in these volumes where Bacon discloses his views—once publicly, in relating his advice to his most intimate friend; another time, in most private reference to himself. The well-known apology for his behaviour as regards the Earl of Essex finds its place chronologically in one of these volumes. In this able and interesting, though to our sense melancholy, defence of himself, he repeats the two points of counsel which he had ever pressed upon Essex:—

The one was, I ever set this down, that the only course to be held with the Queen was by obsequiousness and observance; and I remember I would gage confidently, that if he would take that course constantly, and with choice of good particulars to express it, the Queen would be brought in time to Assuerus' question, to ask, *What should be done to the man that the King delighteth to honour?*—meaning, that her goodness was without limit where there was a true concurrence; which I knew in her nature to be true. My Lord, on the other hand, had a settled opinion that the Queen could be brought to nothing but by a kind of necessity and authority. . . . Another point was that I always vehemently dissuaded him from seeking greatness by a military dependence or by a popular dependence, as that which would breed in the



Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation. . . . I did divert him by all means possible from courses of the wars and popularity. — iii. p. 144, 5.

Bacon was quite accurate. With an application of the *unum necessarium* which seems to have pleased him, and which he again applied to the service of James in his own case (iv. 391), he had written to Essex in a letter, printed in Mr. Spedding's second volume (ii. 40) : —

I said to your Lordship last time, *Martha, Martha, attendis ad plurima; unum sufficit; win the Queen.* . . . I will not speak of fervour of affection, but of other correspondence and agreeableness; which, whensoever it shall be conjoined with the other of affection, I durst wager my life (let them make what *prospopœias* they will of Her Majesty's nature) that in you she will come to the question, *Quid fiet homini, quem rex vult honorare?*

And Bacon recommends him to give up all thoughts of war and a stirring life, and to take the office of Lord Privy Seal : —

It fits a favourite to carry Her Majesty's image in seal, who beareth it best expressed in heart. But my chief reason is that which I first alleged, to divert Her Majesty from this impression of martial greatness.

The advice may have been wise, but it is hardly surprising that a high-spirited man should have rejected it. We have no more admiration for Essex than Mr. Spedding has, but we confess that we do not like him the worse that — Englishmen being what they were in the sixteenth century — he should have preferred, however rashly, "martial greatness and popularity" to following the "one thing needful" by the tricks and manoeuvres of "obsequiousness and observance" at Court, as his friend counselled him.

The rule which Bacon laid down for his friend he prescribed for himself. No doubt the word "obsequiousness" did not in those days carry the same ill sound which it does now, and it is a fair question what Bacon meant by it. Mr. Spedding has printed some papers which throw light on his notion of the thing. They are remains of his most private note-books, very curious as illustrating his manner of making and of arranging memoranda, and of transcribing from book to book his jottings and first thoughts, till they had found their final form and place. The actual fragment which we have is the record of an elaborate review, which he set himself to make day by day for a week in the summer of 1608, of his affairs, his debts, his studies, his

bodily health, the progress of his philosophical inquiries, his prospects, his business, the state of political questions, the rules of action for himself in public and personal matters. The contents are very miscellaneous, and often not very intelligible, but among them are some of the fruits of his reflections, hastily set down, on the manner in which he ought to carry himself to people round him. They all bear directly and very practically on the question of his advancement. There was an Attorney-General whom he thought unfit for his place, but whose place he certainly wanted; and he notes down one by one, and more than once, all his defects and miscarriages. And among various hints to himself about the acquaintance he is to cultivate, and the line which he is to follow in order to gain the King's good opinion — harmless enough, if the one thought of promotion were not so exclusively dominant everywhere — come the following. We take the liberty of interpreting the abbreviations, and using our own orthography : —

*Customæ apte ad individuum.*

To furnish my Lord of S. [Suffolk, probably] with ornaments for public speeches.

To make him think how he should be revered by a Lord Chancellor, if I were : Princelike.

To prepare him for matters to be handled in Council or before the King aforehand, and to show him and yield him the fruits of my care.

Regularly to know the King's pleasure before every Term, and again before every Vacation; the one for service to be executed, the other for service to be prepared; *tam otii ratio quam negotii*; Queen Elizabeth's watch-candle. [cf. Letter to James, iv. 280, "because it pleased her to say that I did continually burn; and yet she suffered me to waste almost to nothing."]

To take notes in tables when I attend the Council, and sometimes to move out of a memorial showed and seen.

To have particular occasions, fit and grateful and continual, to maintain private speech with every the great persons, and sometimes drawing more than one of them together, *ex imitacione Attorn.* This specially in public places, and without care or affectation.

At Council table chiefly to make good my Lord Salisbury's motions and speeches, and for the rest, sometimes one and sometimes another; chiefly his that is most earnest and in affection.

To suppress at once my speaking with panting and labour of breath and voice.

Not to fall at once upon the main too sudden, but to induce and intermingle speech of good fashion.

To use at once, upon entrance given of speech, though abrupt, to compose and draw in myself.

To free myself at once from payment of for-

mality and compliment, though with some show of carelessness, pride, and rudeness. — iv. 93.

It may be that the first impression produced by reading these notes, though the natural one, is not the just one. This impression may be wrong, and Mr. Spedding argues very elaborately and earnestly that in this case it is. Bacon's memoranda about the Attorney-General seem to suggest a preparation for the ungenerous disparagement of a man who was in his way. But who is so fit, Mr. Spedding asks, to criticize an artist as an artist, or a lawyer as a lawyer? And why should not Bacon note and mark down things against the Attorney-General, if he thought he could fill his place better? Then, as to the other notes, Mr. Spedding bids us pause and consider two points. What is it, he asks, that a man makes notes of in his pocket-book? Not what he is sure to do without reminding, but what he is likely to forget and overlook. "The things of which a man needs to *remind himself* are those which he is himself apt to forget." "To infer from these notes a natural aptitude and inclination in the writer to do the things which they remind him to do, would, in my opinion, be wrong. Men make notes of things to be done, which, without a reminder, they would be in danger of forgetting to think of." Therefore, the true inference is that these notes show that the behaviour proposed in them was against the grain. The right rule of interpretation is by contraries. If Bacon had been a time-server or flatterer, he would not have needed to remind himself to make himself useful to Suffolk, or to be always on the same side with Salisbury; the memoranda prove that he was forcing himself, and that he felt himself in danger of neglecting proper means of advancement. And if we hesitate about the nature of the means, Mr. Spedding asks who has a right to cast the first stone at Bacon: —

It must not be forgotten that we see here not only thoughts and intentions half-formed and imperfectly explained, but we see the seamy side of them, which in other cases is kept out of view. Bacon liked to call things by their true names; and if he ever thought fit to deceive his neighbour, did not think fit to deceive himself by disguising the real nature of the act under a euphemism. — iv. 31.

And when Bacon writes a note about "making Lord Suffolk think how he would be revered by a Lord Chancellor, if I were," this, says Mr. Spedding, is only the seamy side of conduct for which no one

would be found fault with if in fact he did it: —

Such would be the same transaction seen from within; a transaction which Bacon would have excused as a "submission to the occasion," and which (whether excused or not) is one of a very numerous family, still flourishing in all departments of civilized society. I do not myself, however, recommend it for imitation; and if it be true that no man can be known to do such a thing in these days without forfeiting his reputation for veracity — I am very glad to hear it. — iv. 34.

Well, though the laxities of society furnish a tempting retort when great men are severely judged, still we cannot help thinking that the forms of social courtesy are one thing, and selfish and deliberate insincerity is another; and that when one of the wisest and most knowing of men is found setting down in his note-book a memorandum to toady such or such a great man, the fact of a good many other people toadying, or doing what possibly may be toadying, does not alter the case in his favour. And there is a difference, as it seems to us, between toadying and coolly making a note in one's pocket-book to toady. We cannot quite accept Mr. Spedding's theory of note-making. If a man's notes show what he is afraid of forgetting, they show also what his mind is full of, and what he is anxious to remember. But, however this may be, these notes show, if they mean anything at all, that Bacon had on reflection imposed on himself the duty of pleasing the great without much counting the cost, with the same distinctness of purpose with which he imposed on himself rules of elocution and style, injunctions to himself "to suppress at once my speaking with panting and labour of breath," and "not to fall upon the main too sudden."

And he appears to have acted accordingly. What remains to show Bacon's actual relations to the chief of the great men mentioned in these notes, Lord Salisbury, though it is not much, entirely falls in with what the notes would lead us to expect. He enjoins on himself "to correspond with Salisbury in a habit of natural, but nowise perilous, boldness, and in vivacity, invention, care to cast and enterprise; but with due caution; for this manner I judge both in his nature freeth he stands, and in his ends pleaseth him best and promiseth most use of me." Salisbury was not forward to advance him, but he assisted him in money difficulties; and when Bacon, in despair, almost resolved to give

up public life, he thus writes to thank Salisbury for help about a debt:—

The rest cannot be forgotten; for I cannot forget your Lordship's *dum memor ipse mei*; and if there have been *aliquid nimis*, it shall be amended. And, to be plain with your Lordship, that will quicken me now, which slackened me before. Then I thought you might have more use of me, than now I suppose you are like to have. Not that I think the impediment will be rather in my mind than in the matter or times. But to do you service I will come out of my religion at any time. — July 16, 1603, iii. 81.

Meaning, we suppose, his retirement from the world and devotion to philosophy. But this thought of a philosophical entering "into religion," if that is his meaning, did not last. Bacon continued active in public life, and in 1606 pressed his claims of service and relationship on the King and on Salisbury for the Solicitor's place. He writes to Salisbury "in the confidence of a poor kinsmen, and of a man by him advanced, *Tu idem fer opem, qui spem disti*:"—

And I know, and all the world knoweth, that your Lordship is no dealer of holy water, but noble and real; and on my part I am of a sure ground that I have committed nothing that may deserve alteration. And therefore my hope is, your Lordship will finish a good work, and consider that time growth precious with me, and that I am now *vergentibus annis*. And although I know your fortune is not to need an hundred such as I am, yet I shall be ever ready to give you my best and worthiest fruits; and to supply (as much as in me lieth) worthiness by thankfulness. — iii. 297.

Of course it is to be said that these are letters of compliment; and compliment, always far in advance of real feeling, was, by notorious custom, extravagantly so in those days. Still there are limits; and the writer is Bacon. While Salisbury lived he was the Government; and in all the proceedings of the time, Bacon displayed, what to the last his letters imply, absolute confidence in him, and unreserved devotion to him, as far as Salisbury's jealousy or distrust would allow him. But in 1612 Salisbury died. Bacon, as was natural, at once came forward, and renewed the offer of service and counsel to the King, manifestly in want of able servants, and left at a greater disadvantage from Salisbury's monopoly of public business. But his way of speaking of Salisbury is remarkable:—

My principal end [he wrote, or thought of writing, to the King] being to do your Majesty service, I crave leave to make at this time to your Majesty this most humble oblation of myself. I

may truly say with the Psalm, *Multum incolat fuit anima mea*; for my life hath been conversant with things wherein I take little pleasure.

. . . If your Majesty find any aptness in me, or if you find any scarcity in others, thereby you may think it fit for your service to remove me to business of State; although I have a fair way before me for profit (and by your Majesty's grace and favour for honour and advancement), and in a course less exposed to the blasts of fortune, yet now that he is gone "*quo vivente virtutibus certissimum exitum*," I will be ready as a chessman to be wherever your Majesty's royal hand shall set me. — iv. 282.

Later on, we find the following in a memorial to the King "on his estate in general:"—

My second prayer is that your Majesty, in respect of the hasty freeing of your state, would not descend to any means, or degree of means, which carrieth not a symmetry with your majesty and greatness. He is gone from whom those courses did wholly proceed. To have your wants and necessities in particular, as it were, hanged up in two tablets before the eyes of your lords and commons to be talked of for four months together; To have all your courses to help yourself in revenue or profit put into printed books, which were wont to be *arcana imperii*; To have such worms of aldermen to lend for ten in the hundred upon good assurance, and with such [? entreaty] as if it should save the bark of your fortune; To contract still where mought be had the readiest payment and not the best bargain; to stir a number of projects for your profit, and then to blast them and leave your Majesty nothing but the scandal of them; To pretend even carriage between your Majesty's rights and the ease of the people, and to satisfy neither; These courses and the like I hope are gone with the deviser of them, which have turned your Majesty to inestimable prejudice.

And then followed a passage which Bacon struck through with his pen, and which so shocked Lord Hardwick that he got the first editor, Birch, to leave it out; but which Mr. Spedding rightly reprints in a note, observing that "it does but tell us of something which Bacon felt, but thought it better to leave unsaid:"—

I protest to God, though I be not superstitious, when I saw your M.'s book against Vorstius and Arminius and noted your zeal to deliver the Majesty of God from the vain and indigne comprehensions of heresy and degenerate philosophy, as you had by your pen formerly endeavoured to deliver kings from the usurpations of Rome, *perculsit illico animum*, that God would set shortly upon you some visible favour, and let me not live if I thought not of the taking away of that man. — iv. 313.

This was in September. And to this man, at the new year preceding, Bacon had

written a letter, call it of compliment if you like, with such words as these:—

I would intreat the new year to answer for the old, in my humble thanks to your Lordship, both for many your favours, and chiefly that upon the occasion of Mr. Attorney's infirmity I found your Lordship even as I could wish. This doth increase a desire in me to express my thankful mind to your Lordship; hoping that though I find age and decay grow upon me, yet I may have a flash or two of spirit left to do you service. And I do protest before God, without compliment or any light vein of mind, that if I knew in what course of life to do you best service, I would take it, and make my thoughts, which now fly to many pieces, be reduced to that centre. But all this is no more than I am, which is not much, but yet the entire of him that is.—iv. 246.

Is it farfetched, is it strained and unjust, to make what Bacon set down for his plan of conduct throw its light on the difference and contrast between what he said to Salisbury when he was alive, and what he said of him when he was dead, and, it appears, thought about him before he was dead? Is it unfair to think of it, when interpreting Bacon's unqualified concurrence in James's policy and claims? We would much rather agree with Mr. Spedding. Like a high-minded man, he asks for no mere charitable judgment, but for a reasonable and just reading of the character and con-

duct of so great a person; and he thinks that such a reading excludes the common charges of cold-heartedness and poorness of temper and moral standard. We can only say that we are deeply disappointed not to be able to go along with him. We entirely sympathize with his wish to rescue, if possible, a great and venerable name, that of a man to whom mankind and England owe so much, from the discredit of not corresponding in his moral strength and worthiness to his matchless intellectual height. But we can see no good in being blind to the only indications we have. It is unsatisfactory to suppose that such largeness of mind and richness of gifts did not involve greatness and nobleness of soul. It is painful not to be able to accept in its completeness the idea of Lord Bacon which his works suggest. But we had rather think ill of Bacon than think that what he did to Essex—whatever Essex may have been, and whatever he deserved from the law and his country—was the act of a virtuous and manly friend; or that Bacon's example should be taken as a safe and good one, in choosing a man's political theories and course of public life. It seems to us that Mr. Spedding has been misled by the very common inability to comprehend what is yet but the too common lesson of human imperfection, that a great nature may be a maimed and incomplete one.

*Elephant Hunts.* Being a Sportsman's Narrative of the Search after Livingstone, with Scenes of Elephant, Buffalo, and Hippopotamus Hunting. By Henry Faulkner, late 17th Lancers. (Hurst and Blackett.)—This entertaining but somewhat wordy narrative is no bad supplement to Mr. Young's brief account of his search after Livingstone. Disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the post of leader, Mr. Faulkner accompanied the searching expedition as a volunteer, and appears to have done it good service; turning all the energies set free by his unofficial position towards the search after elephants, hippopotami, antelopes of all sorts, buffalo, and here and there a stray tiger or leopard fell before his gun, but the hunger of his soul was not satisfied till he had shot the hard-skulled African elephant through the brain with a temple shot. This, he had been told, could not be done; but he had scarcely passed the place where Bishop Mackenzie sleeps after his labours at the junction of the Ruu and Shiré rivers, when he proved the contrary to his own entire satisfaction and to that of his followers, who showed their amazement and delight by the most frantic gestures,

and were soon knee-deep in the victim's carcase, fighting like wild beasts over their spoil. It has not often, we should fancy, fallen to the lot of any man to kill four elephants out of one group with four successive shots. The negroes (sole witnesses of his prowess) might well cry out that "by and by elephant finish, by and by no more elephant." We must own to a feeling of weariness at page after page of slaughter. However beneficial to hungry negroes, and enlivened by hairbreadth escapes on the part of the venturesome hunter, we think that the narrative would have been the better for a vigorous use of the scissors. It would have been well, too, if Mr. Faulkner had suppressed a tendency to find fault with the management of the expedition,—a tendency which does not show well in one who himself applied (but too late) for the leadership. On the whole, however, Mr. Faulkner has written a spirited narrative of some capital sport in newly discovered regions, and it will be appreciated by many an embryo Nimrod who can as yet bag large game only in imagination.

Spectator.

## CHAPTER LVIII.

## RARA AVIS IN TERRIS.

"COME and see the country and judge for yourself," said Phineas.

"I should like nothing better," said Mr. Monk.

"It has often seemed to me that men in Parliament know less about Ireland than they do about the interior of Africa," said Phineas.

"It is seldom that we know anything accurately on any subject that we have not made matter of careful study," said Mr. Monk, "and very often do not do so even then. We are very apt to think that we men and women understand one another; but most probably you know nothing even of the modes of thought of the man who lives next door to you."

"I suppose not."

"There are general laws current in the world as to morality. 'Thou shalt not steal,' for instance. That has necessarily been current as a law through all nations. But the first man you meet in the street will have ideas about theft so different from yours, that, if you knew them as you know your own, you would say that his law and yours were not even founded on the same principle. It is compatible with this man's honesty to cheat you in a matter of horseflesh, with that man's in a traffic of railway shares, with that other man's as to a woman's fortune; with a fourth's anything may be done for a seat in Parliament, while the fifth man, who stands high among us, and who implores his God every Sunday to write that law on his heart, spends every hour of his daily toil in a system of fraud, and is regarded as a pattern of the national commerce!"

Mr. Monk and Phineas were dining together at Mr. Monk's house, and the elder politician of the two in this little speech had recurred to certain matters which had already been discussed between them. Mr. Monk was becoming somewhat sick of his place in the Cabinet, though he had not as yet whispered a word of his sickness to any living ears; and he had begun to pine for the lost freedom of a seat below the gangway. He had been discussing political honesty with Phineas, and hence had come the sermon of which I have ventured to reproduce the concluding denunciations.

Phineas was fond of such discussions and fond of holding them with Mr. Monk, — in this matter fluttering like a moth round a candle. He would not perceive that as he had made up his mind to be a servant of the public in Parliament, he must aban-

don all idea of independent action; that unless he did so he could be neither successful as regarded himself, or useful to the public whom he served. Could a man be honest in Parliament, and yet abandon all idea of independence? When he put such questions to Mr. Monk he did not get a direct answer. And indeed the question was never put directly. But the teaching which he received was ever of a nature to make him uneasy. It was always to this effect: "You have taken up the trade now, and seem to be fit for success in it. You had better give up thinking about its special honesty." And yet Mr. Monk would on occasion preach to him such a sermon as that which he had just uttered! Perhaps there is no question more difficult to a man's mind than that of the expediency or in expediency of scruples in political life. Whether would a candidate for office be more liable to rejection from a leader because he was known to be scrupulous, or because he was known to be the reverse?

"But putting aside the fourth commandment and all the theories, you will come to Ireland?" said Phineas.

"I shall be delighted."

"I don't live in a castle, you know."

"I thought everybody did live in a castle in Ireland," said Mr. Monk. "They seemed to do so when I was there twenty years ago. But for myself, I prefer a cottage."

This trip to Ireland had been proposed in consequence of certain ideas respecting tenant-right which Mr. Monk was beginning to adopt, and as to which the minds of politicians were, becoming moved. It had been all very well to put down Fenianism, and Ribandmen, and Repeal, — and everything that had been put down in Ireland in the way of rebellion for the last seventy-five years. England and Ireland had been apparently joined together by laws of nature so fixed, that even politicians liberal as was Mr. Monk, — liberal as was Mr. Turnbull, — could not trust themselves to think that disunion could be for the good of the Irish. They had taught themselves that it certainly could not be good for the English. But if it was incumbent on England to force upon Ireland the maintenance of the Union for her own sake, and for England's sake, — because England could not afford independence established so close against her own ribs, — it was at any rate necessary to England's character that the bride thus bound in a compulsory wedlock should be endowed with all the best privileges that a wife can enjoy. Let her at least not be a kept mistress. Let it



be bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh, if we are to live together in the married state. Between husband and wife a warm word now and then matters but little, if there be a thoroughly good understanding at bottom. But let there be that good understanding at bottom. What about this Protestant Church; and what about this tenant-right? Mr. Monk had been asking himself these questions for some time past. In regard to the Church, he had long made up his mind that the Establishment in Ireland was a crying sin. A man had married a woman whom he knew to be of a religion different from his own, and then insisted that his wife should say that she believed those things which he knew very well that she did not believe. But, as Mr. Monk well knew, the subject of the Protestant Endowments in Ireland was so difficult that it would require almost more than human wisdom to adjust it. It was one of those matters which almost seemed to require the interposition of some higher power,—the coming of some apparently chance event,—to clear away the evil; as a fire comes, and pestilential alleys are removed; as a famine comes, and men are driven from want and ignorance and dirt to seek new homes and new thoughts across the broad waters; as a war comes, and slavery is banished from the face of the earth. But in regard to tenant-right, to some arrangement by which a tenant in Ireland might be at least encouraged to lay out what little capital he might have in labour or money without being at once called upon to pay rent for that outlay which was his own, as well as for the land which was not his own,—Mr. Monk thought that it was possible that if a man would look hard enough he might perhaps be able to see his way as to that. He had spoken to two of his colleagues on the subject, the two men in the Cabinet whom he believed to be the most thoroughly honest in their ideas as public servants, the Duke and Mr. Gresham. There was so much to be done;—and then so little was known upon the subject! “I will endeavor to study it,” said Mr. Monk. “If you can see your way, do,” said Mr. Gresham,—“but of course we cannot bind ourselves.” “I should be glad to see it named in the Queen’s speech at the beginning of the next session,” said Mr. Monk. “That is a long way off as yet,” said Mr. Gresham, laughing. “Who will be in then, and who will be out?” So the matter was disposed of at the time, but Mr. Monk did not abandon his idea. He rather felt himself the more bound to cling to it because he received so little en-

couragement. What was a seat in the Cabinet to him that he should on that account omit a duty? He had not taken up politics as a trade. He had sat far behind the Treasury bench or below the gangway for many a year, without owing any man a shilling,—and could afford to do so again.

But it was different with Phineas Finn, as Mr. Monk himself understood;—and, understanding this, he felt himself bound to caution his young friend. But it may be a question whether his cautions did not do more harm than good. “I shall be delighted,” he said, “to go over with you in August, but I do not think that if I were you, I would take up this matter.”

“And why not? You don’t want to fight the battle single-handed?”

“No; I desire no such glory, and would wish to have no better lieutenant than you. But you have a subject of which you are really fond, which you are beginning to understand, and in regard to which you can make yourself useful.”

“You mean this Canada business?”

“Yes;—and that will grow to other matters as regards the colonies. There is nothing so important to a public man as that he should have his own subject;—the thing which he understands, and in respect of which he can make himself really useful.”

“Then there comes a change.”

“Yes;—and the man who has half learned how to have a ship built without waste is sent into opposition, and is then brought back to look after regiments, or perhaps has to take up that beautiful subject, a study of the career of India. But, nevertheless, if you have a subject stick to it at any rate as long as it will stick to you.”

“But,” said Phineas, “if a man takes up his own subject, independent of the government, no man can drive him from it.”

“And how often does he do anything? Look at the annual motions which come forward in the hands of private men, Maynooth and the ballot for instance. It is becoming more and more apparent every day that all legislation must be carried by the Government, and must be carried in obedience to the expressed wish of the people. The truest democracy that ever had a chance of living is that which we are now establishing in Great Britain.”

“Then leave tenant-right to the people and the Cabinet. Why should you take it up?”

Mr. Monk paused a moment or two before he replied. “If I choose to run a-

muck, there is no reason why you should follow me. I am old and you are young. I want nothing from politics as a profession, and you do. Moreover, you have a congenial subject where you are, and need not disturb yourself. For myself, I tell you in confidence, that I cannot speak so comfortably of my own position."

"We will go and see, at any rate," said Phineas.

"Yes," said Mr. Monk, "we will go and see." And thus in the month of May, it was settled between them that, as soon as the session should be over, and the incidental work of his office should allow Phineas to pack up and be off, they two should start together for Ireland. Phineas felt rather proud as he wrote to his father and asked permission to bring home with him a Cabinet Minister as a visitor. At this time the reputation of Phineas at Killaloe, as well in the hands of the Killaloeians generally as in those of the inhabitants of the paternal house, stood very high indeed. How could a father think that a son had done badly when before he was thirty years of age he was earning £2,000 a year? And how could a father not think well of a son who had absolutely paid back certain moneys into the paternal coffers? The moneys so repaid had not been much; but the repayment of any such money at Killaloe had been regarded as little short of miraculous. The news of Mr. Monk's coming flew about the town, about the county, about the diocese, and all people began to say all good things about the old doctor's only son. Mrs. Finn had long since been quite sure that a real black swan had been sent forth out of her nest. And the sisters Finn, for some time past, had felt that in all social gatherings they stood quite on a different footing than formerly because of their brother. They were asked about in the county, and two of them had been staying only last Easter with the Moronys, — the Moronys of Poldoodie! How should a father and a mother and sisters not be grateful to such a son, to such a brother, to such a veritable black swan out of the nest! And as for dear little Mary Flood Jones, her eyes became suffused with tears as in her solitude she thought how much out of her reach this swan was flying. And yet she took joy in his swanhood, and swore that she would love him still; — that she would love him always. Might he bring home with him to Killaloe, Mr. Monk, the Cabinet Minister! Of course he might. When Mrs. Finn first heard of this august arrival, she felt as though she would like to

expend herself in entertaining, though but for an hour, the whole cabinet.

Phineas, during the spring, had, of course, met Mr. Kennedy frequently in and about the House, and had become aware that Lady Laura's husband, from time to time, made little overtures of civility to him, — taking him now and again by the button-hole, walking home with him as far as their joint paths allowed, and asking him once or twice to come and dine in Grosvenor Place. These little advances towards a repetition of the old friendship Phineas would have avoided altogether, had it been possible. The invitation to Mr. Kennedy's house he did refuse, feeling himself positively bound to do so by Lady Laura's command, let the consequences be what they might. When he did refuse, Mr. Kennedy would assume a look of displeasure and leave him, and Phineas would hope that the work was done. Then there would come another encounter, and the invitation would be repeated. At last, about the middle of May, there came another note. "Dear Finn, will you dine with us on Wednesday the 28th? I give you a long notice, because you seem to have so many appointments. Yours always, Robert Kennedy." He had no alternative. He must refuse, even though double the notice had been given. He could only think that Mr. Kennedy was a very obtuse man and one who would not take a hint, and hope that he might succeed at last. So he wrote an answer, not intended to be conciliatory. "My dear Kennedy, I am sorry to say that I am engaged on the 28th. Yours always, Phineas Finn." At this period he did his best to keep out of Mr. Kennedy's way, and would be very cunning in his manoeuvres that they should not be alone together. It was difficult, as they sat on the same bench in the House, and consequently saw each other almost every day of their lives. Nevertheless, he thought that with a little cunning he might prevail, especially as he was not unwilling to give so much of offence as might assist his own object. But when Mr. Kennedy called upon him at his office the day after he had written the above note, he had no means of escape.

"I am sorry you cannot come to us on the 28th," Mr. Kennedy said, as soon as he was seated.

Phineas was taken so much by surprise that all his cunning failed him. "Well, yes," said he; "I was very sorry; — very sorry indeed."

"It seems to me, Finn, that you have

had some reason for avoiding me of late. I do not know that I have done anything to offend you."

"Nothing on earth," said Phineas.

"I am wrong, then, in supposing that anything beyond mere chance has prevented you from coming to my house?" Phineas felt that he was in a terrible difficulty, and he felt also that he was being rather ill-used in being thus cross-examined as to his reasons for not going to a gentleman's dinner. He thought that a man ought to be allowed to choose when he would go and when he would not go, and that questions such as these were very uncommon. Mr. Kennedy was sitting opposite to him, looking more grave and more sour than usual;—and now his own countenance also became a little solemn. It was impossible that he should use Lady Laura's name, and yet he must, in some way, let his persecuting friend know that no further invitation would be of any use;—that there was something beyond mere chance in his not going to Grosvenor Place. But how was he to do this? The difficulty was so great that he could not see his way out of it. So he sat silent with a solemn face. Mr. Kennedy then asked him another question, which made the difficulty ten times greater. "Has my wife asked you not to come to our house?"

It was necessary now that he should make a rush and get out of his trouble in some way. "To tell you the truth, Kennedy, I don't think she wants to see me there."

"That does not answer my question. Has she asked you not to come?"

"She said that which left on my mind an impression that she would sooner that I did not come."

"What did she say?"

"How can I answer such a question as that, Kennedy? Is it fair to ask it?"

"Quite fair,—I think."

"I think it quite unfair, and I must decline to answer it. I cannot imagine what you expect to gain by cross-questioning me in this way. Of course no man likes to go to a house if he does not believe that everybody there will make him welcome."

"You and Lady Lanra used to be great friends."

"I hope we are not enemies now. But things will occur that cause friendships to grow cool."

"Have you quarrelled with her father?"

"With Lord Brenford?—no."

"Or with her brother,—since the duel I mean?"

"Upon my word and honour I cannot stand this, and I will not. I have not as yet quarrelled with anybody; but I must

quarrel with you, if you go on in this way. It is quite unusual that a man should be put through his facings after such a fashion, and I must beg that there may be an end of it."

"Then I must ask Lady Laura."

"You can say what you like to your own wife of course. I cannot hinder you."

Upon that Mr. Kennedy formally shook hands with him, in token that there was no positive breach between them,—as two nations may still maintain their alliance though they have made up their minds to hate each other, and thwart each other at every turn,—and took his leave. Phineas, as he sat at his window, looking out into the park, and thinking of what had passed, could not but reflect that, disagreeable as Mr. Kennedy had been to him, he would probably make himself much more disagreeable to his wife. And, for himself, he thought that he had got out of the scrape very well by the exhibition of a little mock anger.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

##### THE EARL'S WRATH.

THE reader may remember that a rumour had been conveyed to Phineas,—a rumour indeed which reached him from a source which he regarded as very untrustworthy,—that Violet Effingham had quarrelled with her lover. He would probably have paid no attention to the rumour, beyond that which necessarily attached itself to any tidings as to a matter so full of interest to him, had it not been repeated to him in another quarter. "A bird has told me that your Violet Effingham has broken with her lover," Madame Goesler said to him one day. "What bird?" he asked. "Ah, that I cannot tell you. But this I will confess to you, that these birds which tell us news are seldom very credible,—and are often not very creditable. You must take a bird's word for what it may be worth. It is said that they have quarrelled. I dare say, if the truth were known, they are billing and cooing in each other's arms at this moment."

Phineas did not like to be told of their billing and cooing,—did not like to be told even of their quarrelling. Though they were to quarrel, it would do him no good. He would rather that nobody should mention their names to him;—so that his back, which had been so utterly broken, might in process of time get itself cured. From what he knew of Violet he thought it very improbable that, even were she to quarrel with one lover, she would at once throw herself into the arms of another. And he

did feel, too, that there would be some meanness in taking her, were she willing to be so taken. But, nevertheless, these rumours, coming to him in this way from different sources almost made it incumbent on him to find out the truth. He began to think that his broken back was not cured; — that perhaps, after all, it was not in the way of being cured. And was it not possible that there might be explanations? Then he went to work and built castles in the air, so constructed as to admit of the possibility of Violet Effingham becoming his wife.

This had been in April, and at that time all that he knew of Violet was, that she was not yet in London. And he thought that he knew the same as to Lord Chiltern. The Earl had told him that Chiltern was not in town, nor expected in town as yet; and in saying so had seemed to express displeasure against his son. Phineas had met Lady Baldock at some house which he frequented, and had been quite surprised to find himself graciously received by the old woman. She had said not a word of Violet, but had spoken of Lord Chiltern, — mentioning his name in bitter wrath. "But he is a friend of mine," said Phineas, smiling. "A friend indeed! Mr. Finn. I know what sort of a friend. I don't believe that you are his friend. I am afraid he is not worthy of having any friend." Phineas did not quite understand from this that Lady Baldock was signifying to him that, badly as she had thought of him as a suitor for her niece, she would have preferred him, — especially now when people were beginning to speak well of him, — to that terrible young man, who, from his youth upwards, had been to her a cause of fear and trembling. Of course it was desirable that Violet should marry an elder son, and a peer's heir. All that kind of thing, in Lady Baldock's eyes, was most desirable. But, nevertheless, anything was better than Lord Chiltern. If Violet would not take Mr. Appledom or Lord Fawn, in heaven's name let her take this young man, who was kind, worthy, and steady, who was civilised in his manners, and would no doubt be amenable in regard to settlements. Lady Baldock had so far fallen in the world that she would have consented to make a bargain with her niece, — almost any bargain, so long as Lord Chiltern was excluded. Phineas did not quite understand all this; but when Lady Baldock asked him to come to Berkeley square, he perceived that help was being proffered to him where he certainly had not looked for help.

He was frequently with Lord Brentford, who talked to him constantly on matters connected with his parliamentary life. After

having been the intimate friend of the daughter and of the son, it now seemed to be his lot to be the intimate friend of the father. The Earl had constantly discussed with him his arrangements with his son, and had lately expressed himself as only half satisfied with such reconciliation as had taken place. And Phineas could perceive that from day to day the Earl was less and less satisfied. He would complain bitterly of his son, — complain of his silence, complain of his not coming to London, complain of his conduct to Violet, complain of his idle indifference to anything like proper occupation; but he had never as yet said a word to show that there had been any quarrel between Violet and her lover, and Phineas had felt that he could not ask the question. "Mr. Finn," said the Earl to him one morning, as soon as he entered the room, "I have just heard a story which has almost seemed to me to be incredible." The nobleman's manner was very stern, and the fact that he called his young friend "Mr. Finn," showed at once that something was wrong.

"What is it you have heard, my lord?" said Phineas.

"That you and Chiltern went over, — last year to, — Belgium, and fought, — a duel there!"

Now it must have been the case that, in the set among which they all lived, — Lord Brentford and his son and daughter and Phineas Finn, — the old lord was the only man who had not heard of the duel before this. It had even penetrated to the dull ears of Mr. Kennedy, reminding him, as it did so, that his wife had — told him a lie! But it was the fact that no rumour of the duel had reached the Earl till this morning.

"It is true," said Phineas.

"I have never been so shocked in my life; — never. I had no idea that you had any thought of aspiring to the hand of Miss Effingham." The lord's voice as he said this was very stern.

"As I aspired in vain, and as Chiltern has been successful, that need not now be made a reproach against me."

"I do not know what to think of it, Mr. Finn. I am so much surprised that I hardly know what to say. I must declare my opinion at once, that you behaved, — very badly."

"I do not know how much you know, my lord, and how much you do not know; and the circumstances of the little affair do not permit me to be explicit about them; but, as you have expressed your opinion so openly you must allow me to express mine, and to say that, as far as I can judge of my

own actions, I did not behave badly at all."

"Do you intend to defend duelling, sir?"

"No. If you mean to tell me that a duel is of itself sinful, I have nothing to say. I suppose it is. My defence of myself merely goes to the manner in which this duel was fought, and the fact that I fought it with your son.

"I cannot conceive how you can have come to my house as my guest, and stood upon my interest for my borough, when you at the time were doing your very best to interpose yourself between Chiltern and the lady whom you so well knew I wished to become his wife." Phineas was aware that the Earl must have been very much moved indeed when he thus permitted himself to speak of "his" borough. He said nothing now, however, though the Earl paused;—and then the angry lord went on. "I must say that there was something,—something almost approaching to duplicity in such conduct."

"If I were to defend myself by evidence, Lord Brentford, I should have to go back to exact dates,—and dates not of facts which I could verify, but dates as to my feelings which could not be verified,—and that would be useless. I can only say that I believe I know what the honour and truth of a gentleman demand,—even to the verge of self-sacrifice, and that I have done nothing that ought to place my character as a gentleman in jeopardy. If you will ask your son, I think he will tell you the same."

"I have asked him. It was he who told me of the duel."

"When did he tell you, my lord?"

"Just now; this morning." Thus Phineas learned that Lord Chiltern was at this moment in the house,—or at least in London."

"And did he complain of my conduct?"

"I complain of it, sir. I complain of it very bitterly. I placed the greatest confidence in you, especially in regard to my son's affairs, and you deceived me." The Earl was very angry, and was more angry from the fact that this young man who had offended him, to whom he had given such vital assistance when assistance was needed, had used that assistance to its utmost before his sin was found out. Had Phineas still been sitting for Loughton, so that the Earl could have said to him, "You are now bound to retreat from this borough because you have offended me, your patron," I think that he would have forgiven the offender and allowed him to remain in his seat. There would have been a scene, and

the Earl would have been pacified. But now the offender was beyond his reach altogether, having used the borough as a most convenient stepping-stone over his difficulties, and having so used it just at the time when he was committing this sin. There was a good fortune about Phineas which added greatly to the lord's wrath. And then, to tell the truth, he had not that rich consolation for which Phineas gave him credit. Lord Chiltern had told him that morning that the engagement between him and Violet was at an end. "You have so preached to her, my lord, about my duties," the son had said to his father, "that she finds herself obliged to give me your sermons at second hand, till I can bear them no longer." But of this Phineas knew nothing as yet. The Earl, however, was so imprudent in his anger that before this interview was over he had the whole story. "Yes;—you deceived me," he continued; "and I can never trust you again."

"Was it for me, my lord, to tell you of that which would have increased your anger against your own son? When he wanted me to fight was I to come, like a sneak at school, and tell you the story? I know what you would have thought of me had I done so. And when it was over was I to come and tell you then? Think what you yourself would have done when you were young, and you may be quite sure that I did the same. What have I gained? He has got all that he wanted; and you have also got all that you wanted;—and I have helped you both. Lord Brentford, I can put my hand on my heart and say that I have been honest to you."

"I have got nothing that I wanted," said the Earl in his despair.

"Lord Chiltern and Miss Effingham will be man and wife."

"No;—they will not. He has quarrelled with her. He is so obstinate that she will not bear with him."

Then it was all true, even though the rumours had reached him through Laurence Fitzgibbon and Madame Max Goesler. "At any rate, my lord, that has not been my fault," he said, after a moment's hesitation. The Earl was walking up and down the room, angry with himself now at his own mistake in having told the story, and not knowing what further to say to his visitor. He had been in the habit of talking so freely to Phineas about his son that he could hardly resist the temptation of doing so still; and yet it was impossible that he could swallow his anger and continue in the same strain. "My lord," said Phineas, after a while, "I can assure you that



I grieve that you should be grieved. I have received so much undeserved favour from your family, that I owe you a debt which I can never pay. I am sorry that you should be angry with me now; but I hope that a time may come when you will think less severely of my conduct."

He was about to leave the room when the Earl stopped him. "Will you give me your word," said the Earl, "that you will think no more of Miss Effingham?" Phineas stood silent, considering how he might answer this proposal, resolving that nothing should bring him to such a pledge as that suggested while there was yet a ledge for hope to stand on. "Say that, Mr. Finn, and I will forgive everything."

"I cannot acknowledge that I have done anything to be forgiven."

"Say that," repeated the Earl, "and everything shall be forgotten."

"There need be no cause for alarm, my lord," said Phineas. "You may be sure that Miss Effingham will not think of me."

"Will you give me your word?"

"No, my lord;—certainly not. You have no right to ask it, and the pursuit is open to me as to any other man who may choose to follow it. I have hardly a vestige of a hope of success. It is barely possible that I should succeed. But if it be true that Miss Effingham be disengaged, I shall endeavour to find an opportunity of urging my suit. I would give up everything that I have, my seat in Parliament, all the ambition of my life, for the barest chance of success. When she had accepted your son, I desisted,—of course. I have now heard, from more sources than one, that she or he or both of them have changed their minds. If this be so, I am free to try again." The Earl stood opposite to him, scowling at him, but said nothing.

"Good morning, my lord."

"Good morning, sir."

"I am afraid it must be good-bye, for some long days to come."

"Good morning, sir." And the Earl as he spoke rang the bell. Then Phineas took up his hat and departed.

As he walked away his mind filled itself gradually with various ideas, all springing from the words which Lord Brentford had spoken. What account had Lord Chiltern given to his father of the duel? Our hero was a man very sensitive as to the good opinion of others, and in spite of his bold assertion of his own knowledge of what became a gentleman, was beyond measure solicitous that others should acknowledge his claim at any rate to that title. He thought that he had been generous to Lord

Chiltern; and as he went back in his memory over almost every word that had been spoken in the interview that had just past, he fancied that he was able to collect evidence that his antagonist at Blankenberg had not spoken ill of him. As to the charge of deceit which the Earl had made against him, he told himself that the Earl had made it in anger. He would not even think hardly of the Earl who had been so good a friend to him, but he believed in his heart that the Earl had made the accusation out of his wrath and not out of his judgment. "He cannot think that I have been false to him," Phineas said to himself. But it was very sad to him that he should have to quarrel with all the family of the Standishes, as he could not but feel that it was they who had put him on his feet. It seemed as though he were never to see Lady Laura again except when they chanced to meet in company,—on which occasions he simply bowed to her. Now the Earl had almost turned him out of his house. And though there had been to a certain extent a reconciliation between him and Lord Chiltern, he in these days never saw the friend who had once put him upon Bonebreaker; and now,—now that Violet Effingham was again free,—how was it possible to avoid some renewal of enmity between them? He would, however, endeavour to see Lord Chiltern at once.

And then he thought of Violet,—of Violet again free, of Violet as again a possible wife for himself, of Violet to whom he might address himself at any rate without any scruple as to his own unworthiness. Everybody concerned, and many who were not concerned at all, were aware that he had been among her lovers, and he thought that he could perceive that those who interested themselves on the subject, had regarded him as the only horse in the race likely to run with success against Lord Chiltern. She herself had received his offers without scorn, and had always treated him as though he were a favoured friend, though not favoured as a lover. And now even Lady Baldock was smiling upon him, and asking him to her house as though the red-faced porter in the hall in Berkeley Square had never been ordered to refuse him a moment's admission inside the doors. He had been very humble in speaking of his own hopes to the Earl, but surely there might be a chance. What if after all the little strain which he had had in his back was to be cured after such a fashion as this! When he got to his lodgings, he found a card from Lady Baldock, informing him that Lady Baldock would be at home on a certain

night, and that there would be music. He could not go to Lady Baldock's on the night named, as it would be necessary that he should be in the House;—nor did he much care to go there, as Violet Effingham was not in town. But he would call and explain, and endeavour to curry favour in that way.

He at once wrote a note to Lord Chiltern, which he addressed to Portman Square. "As you are in town, can we not meet? Come and dine with me at the —— Club on Saturday." That was the note. After a few days he received the following answer, dated from the Bull at Willingford. Why on earth should Lord Chiltern be staying at the Bull at Willingford in May?

"The old Shop at W——, Friday.

"DEAR PHINEAS,—

"I can't dine with you, because I am down here, looking after the cripples, and writing a sporting novel. They tell me I ought to do something, so I am going to do that. I hope you don't think I turned informer against you in telling the Earl of our pleasant little meeting on the sands. It had become necessary, and you are too much of a man to care much for any truth being told. He was terribly angry both with me and with you; but the fact is, he is so blindly unreasonable that one cannot regard his anger. I endeavoured to tell the story truly, and, so told, it certainly should not have injured you in his estimation. But it did. Very sorry, old fellow, and I hope you'll get over it. It is a good deal more important to me than to you.

"Yours, "C."

There was not a word about Violet. But then it was hardly to be expected that there should be words about Violet. It was not likely that a man should write to his rival of his own failure. But yet there was a flavour of Violet in the letter which would not have been there, so Phineas thought, if the writer had been despondent. The pleasant little meeting on the sands had been convened altogether in respect of Violet. And the telling of the story to the Earl must have arisen from discussions about Violet. Lord Chiltern must have told his father that Phineas was his rival. Could the rejected suitor have written on such a subject in such a strain to such a correspondent if he had believed his own rejection to be certain? But then Lord Chiltern was not like anybody else in the world, and it was impossible to judge of him by one's experience of the motives of others.

Shortly afterwards Phineas did call in Berkeley Square, and was shown up at

once into Lady Baldock's drawing-room. The whole aspect of the porter's countenance was changed towards him, and from this, too, he gathered good auguries. This had surprised him; but his surprise was far greater, when, on entering the room, he found Violet Effingham there alone. A little fresh colour came to her face as she greeted him, though it cannot be said that she blushed. She behaved herself admirably, not endeavouring to conceal some little emotion at thus meeting him, but betraying none that was injurious to her composure. "I am so glad to see you, Mr. Finn," she said. "My aunt has just left me, and will be back directly."

He was by no means her equal in his management of himself on the occasion; but perhaps it may be acknowledged that his position was the more difficult of the two. He had not seen her since her engagement had been proclaimed to the world, and now he had heard from a source which was not to be doubted, that it had been broken off. Of course there was nothing to be said on that matter. He could not have congratulated her in the one case, nor could he either congratulate her or condole with her on the other. And yet he did not know how to speak to her as though no such events had occurred. "I did not know that you were in town," he said.

"I only came yesterday. I have been, you know, at Rome with the Effinghams; and since that I have been——; but, indeed, I have been such a vagrant that I cannot tell you of all my comings and goings. And you,—you are hard at work!"

"Oh yes;—always."

"That is right. I wish I could be something, if it were only a stick in waiting, or a door-keeper. It is so good to be something." Was it some such teaching as this that had jarred against Lord Chiltern's susceptibilities, and had seemed to him to be a repetition of his father's sermons?

"A man should try to be something," said Phineas.

"And a woman must be content to be nothing,—unless Mr. Mill can pull us through! And now, tell me,—have you seen Lady Laura?"

"Not lately."

"Nor Mr. Kennedy?"

"I sometimes see him in the House."

The visit to the Colonial Office of which the reader has been made aware had not at that time as yet been made.

"I am sorry for all that," she said. Upon which Phineas smiled and shook his head. "I am very sorry that there should be a quarrel between you two."

"There is no quarrel."

"I used to think that you and she might do so much for each other,—that is, of course, if you could make a friend of him."

"He is a man of whom it is very hard to make a friend," said Phineas, feeling that he was dishonest to Mr. Kennedy in saying so, but thinking that such dishonesty was justified by what he owed to Lady Laura.

"Yes;—he is hard, and what I call ungenial. We won't say anything about him,—will we? Have you seen much of the Earl?" This she asked as though such a question had no reference whatever to Lord Chiltern.

"Oh dear,—alas, alas!"

"You have not quarrelled with him too?"

"He has quarrelled with me. He has heard, Miss Effingham, of what happened last year, and he thinks that I was wrong."

"Of course you were wrong, Mr. Finn."

"Very likely. To him I chose to defend myself, but I certainly shall not do so to you. At any rate, you did not think it necessary to quarrel with me."

"I ought to have done so. I wonder why my aunt does not come." Then she rang the bell.

"Now I have told you all about myself," said he; "you should tell me something of yourself."

"About me? I am like the knife-grinder, who had no story to tell,—none at least to be told. We have all, no doubt, got our little stories, interesting enough to ourselves."

"But your story, Miss Effingham," he said, "is of such intense interest to me." At that moment, luckily, Lady Baldock came into the room, and Phineas was saved from the necessity of making a declaration at a moment which would have been most inopportune.

Lady Baldock was exceedingly gracious to him, bidding Violet use her influence to persuade him to come to the gathering. "Persuade him to desert his work to come and hear some fiddlers!" said Miss Effingham. "Indeed I shall not, aunt. Who can tell but what the colonies might suffer from it through centuries, and that such a lapse of duty might drive a province or two into the arms of our mortal enemies?"

"Herr Moll is coming," said Lady Baldock, "and so is Signor Scrubi, and Pjinskt, who, they say, is the greatest man living on the flageolet. Have you ever heard Pjinskt, Mr. Finn?" Phineas never had heard Pjinskt. "And as for Herr Moll, there is nothing equal to him, this year, at least." Lady Baldock had taken up music this sea-

son, but all her enthusiasm was unable to shake the conscientious zeal of the young Under-Secretary of State. At such a gathering he would have been unable to say a word in private to Violet Effingham.

#### CHAPTER LX.

##### MADAME GOESLER'S POLITICS.

It may be remembered that when Lady Glencora Palliser was shown into Madame Goesler's room, Madame Goesler had just explained somewhat forcibly to the Duke of Omnium her reasons for refusing the loan of his Grace's villa at Como. She had told the Duke in so many words that she did not mean to give the world an opportunity of maligning her, and it would then have been left to the Duke to decide whether any other arrangements might have been made for taking Madame Goesler to Como, had he not been interrupted. That he was very anxious to take her was certain. The green brougham had already been often enough at the door in Park Lane to make his Grace feel that Madame Goesler's company was very desirable,—was, perhaps, of all things left for his enjoyment, the one thing the most desirable. Lady Glencora had spoken to her husband of children crying for the top brick of the chimney. Now it had come to this, that in the eyes of the Duke of Omnium Marie Max Goesler was the top brick of the chimney. She had more wit for him than other women,—more of that sort of wit which he was capable of enjoying. She had a beauty which he had learned to think more alluring than other beauty. He was sick of fair faces, and fat arms, and free necks. Madame Goesler's eyes sparkled as other eyes did not sparkle, and there was something of the vagueness of mystery in the very blackness and gloss and abundance of her hair,—as though her beauty was the beauty of some world which he had not yet known. And there was a quickness and yet a grace of motion about her which was quite new to him. The ladies upon whom the Duke had of late most often smiled had been somewhat slow,—perhaps almost heavy,—though no doubt, graceful withal. In his early youth he remembered to have seen, somewhere in Greece, such an houri as was this Madame Goesler. The houri in that case had run off with the captain of a Russian vessel engaged in the tallow trade; but not the less was there left on his Grace's mind some dreamy memory of charms which had impressed him very strongly when he was simply a young Mr. Palliser, and had had at his command not so

convenient a mode of sudden abduction as the Russian captain's tallow ship. Pressed hard by such circumstances as these, there is no knowing how the Duke might have got out of his difficulties had not Lady Glencora appeared upon the scene.

Since the future little Lord Silverbridge had been born, the Duke had been very constant in his worship of Lady Glencora, and as, from year to year, a little brother was added, thus making the family very strong and stable, his acts of worship had increased; but with his worship there had come of late something almost of dread, — something almost of obedience, which had made those who were immediately about the Duke declare that his Grace was a good deal changed. For, hitherto, whatever may have been the Duke's weaknesses, he certainly had known no master. His heir, Plantagenet Palliser, had always been subject to him. His other relations had been kept at such a distance as hardly to be more than recognised; and though his Grace no doubt had had his intimacies, they who had been intimate with him had either never tried to obtain ascendancy, or had failed. Lady Glencora, whether with or without a struggle, had succeeded, and people about the Duke said that the Duke was much changed. Mr. Fothergill, — who was his Grace's man of business, and who was not a favourite with Lady Glencora, — said that he was very much changed indeed. Finding his Grace so much changed, Mr. Fothergill had made a little attempt at dictation himself, but had receded with fingers very much scorched in the attempt. It was indeed possible that the Duke was becoming in the slightest degree weary of Lady Glencora's thralldom, and that he thought that Madame Max Goesler might be more tender with him. Madame Max Goesler, however, intended to be tender only on one condition.

When Lady Glencora entered the room, Madame Goesler received her beautifully. "How lucky that you should have come just when his Grace is here," she said.

"I saw my uncle's carriage, and of course I knew it," said Lady Glencora.

"Then the favour is to him," said Madame Goesler, smiling.

"No, no indeed; I was coming. If my word is to be doubted in that point, I must insist on having the servant up; I must, certainly. I told him to drive to this door, as far back as Grosvenor Street. Did I not, Planty?" Planty was the little Lord Silverbridge as was to be, if nothing unfortunate intervened, who was now sitting on his granduncle's knee.

"Dou said to the little house in Park Lane," said the boy.

"Yes, — because I forgot the number."

"And it is the smallest house in Park Lane, so the evidence is complete," said Madame Goesler. Lady Glencora had not cared much for evidence to convince Madame Goesler, but she had not wished her uncle to think that he was watched and hunted down. It might be necessary that he should know that he was watched, but things had not come to that as yet.

"How is Plantagenet?" asked the Duke.

"Answer for papa," said Lady Glencora to her child.

"Papa is very well, but he almost never comes home."

"He is working for his country," said the Duke. "Your papa is a busy, useful man, and can't afford time to play with a little boy as I can."

"But papa is not a duke."

"He will be some day, and that probably before long, my boy. He will be a duke quite as soon as he wants to be a duke. He likes the House of Commons better than the strawberry leaves, I fancy. There is not a man in England less in a hurry than he is."

"No, indeed," said Lady Glencora.

"How nice that is," said Madame Goesler.

"And I ain't in a hurry either, — am I, mamma?" said the little future Lord Silverbridge.

"You are a wicked little monkey," said his granduncle, kissing him. At this moment Lady Glencora was, no doubt, thinking how necessary it was that she should be careful to see that things did turn out in the manner proposed, — so that people who had waited should not be disappointed; and the Duke was perhaps thinking that he was not absolutely bound to his nephew by any law of God or man; and Madame Max Goesler, — I wonder whether her thoughts were injurious to the prospects of that handsome bold-faced little boy.

Lady Glencora rose to take her leave first. It was not for her to show any anxiety to force the Duke out of the lady's presence. If the Duke were resolved to make a fool of himself, nothing that she could do would prevent it. But she thought that this little inspection might possibly be of service, and that her uncle's ardour would be cooled by the interruption to which he had been subjected. So she went, and immediately afterwards the Duke followed her. The interruption had, at any rate, saved him on that occasion from making the highest bid for the pleasure of Madame Goes-

ler's company at Como. The Duke went down with the little boy in his hand, so that there was not an opportunity for a single word of interest between the gentleman and the lady.

Madame Goesler, when she was alone, seated herself on her sofa, tucking her feet up under her as though she were seated somewhere in the East, pushed her ringlets back roughly from her face, and then placed her two hands to her sides so that her thumbs rested tightly on her girdle. When alone with something weighty on her mind she would sit in this form for the hour together, resolving, or trying to resolve, what should be her conduct. She did few things without much thinking, and though she walked very boldly, she walked warily. She often told herself that such success as she had achieved could not have been achieved without much caution. And yet she was ever discontented with herself, telling herself that all that she had done was nothing, or worse than nothing. What was it all, to have a duke and to have lords dining with her, to dine with lords or with a duke itself, if life were dull with her, and the hours hung heavy! Life with her was dull, and the hours did hang heavy. And what if she caught this old man, and became herself a duchess,—caught him by means of his weakness, to the inexpressible dismay of all those who were bound to him by ties of blood,—would that make her life happier, or her hours less tedious? That prospect of a life on the Italian lakes with an old man tied to her side was not so charming in her eyes, as it was in those of the Duke. Were she to succeed, and to be blazoned forth to the world as Duchess of Omnium, what would she have gained?

She perfectly understood the motive of Lady Glencora's visit, and thought that she would at any rate gain something in the very triumph of baffling the manœuvres of so clever a woman. Let Lady Glencora throw her *Ægis* before the Duke, and it would be something to carry off his Grace from beneath the protection of so thick a shield. The very flavour of the contest was pleasing to Madame Goesler. But, the victory gained, what then would remain to her? Money she had already; position, too, she had of her own. She was free as air, and should it suit her at any time to go off to some lake of Como in society that would personally be more agreeable to her than that of the Duke of Omnium, there was nothing to hinder her for a moment. And then came a smile over her face,—but the saddest smile,—as she thought of one with whom it might be pleasant to look at

the colour of Italian skies and feel the softness of Italian breezes. In feigning to like to do this with an old man, in acting the raptures of love on behalf of a worn-out duke who at the best would scarce believe in her acting, there would not be much delight for her. She had never yet known what it was to have anything of the pleasure of love. She had grown, as she often told herself, to be a hard, cautious, selfish, successful woman, without any interference or assistance from such pleasure. Might there not be yet time left for her to try it without selfishness,—with an absolute devotion of self,—if only she could find the right companion? There was one who might be such a companion, but the Duke of Omnium certainly could not be such a one.

But to be Duchess of Omnium! After all, success in this world is everything;—is at any rate the only thing the pleasure of which will endure. There was the name of many a woman written in a black list within Madame Goesler's breast,—written there because of scorn, because of rejected overtures, because of deep social injury; and Madame Goesler told herself often that it would be a pleasure to her to use the list, and to be revenged on those who had ill-used and scornfully treated her. She did not readily forgive those who had injured her. As Duchess of Omnium she thought that probably she might use that list with efficacy. Lady Glencora had treated her well, and she had no such feeling against Lady Glencora. As Duchess of Omnium she would accept Lady Glencora as her dearest friend, if Lady Glencora would admit it. But if it should be necessary that there should be a little duel between them, as to which of them should take the Duke in hand, the duel must of course be fought. In a matter so important, one woman would of course expect no false sentiment from another. She and Lady Glencora would understand each other:—and no doubt, respect each other.

I have said that she would sit there resolving, or trying to resolve. There is nothing in the world so difficult as that task of making up one's mind. Who is there that has not longed that the power and privilege of selection among alternatives should be taken away from him in some important crisis of his life, and that his conduct should be arranged for him, either this way or that, by some divine power if it were possible,—by some patriarchal power in the absence of divinity,—or by chance even, if nothing better than chance could be found to do it? But no one dares to cast the die, and to go



honestly by the hazard. There must be the actual necessity of obeying the die, before even the die can be of any use. As it was, when Madame Goesler had sat there for an hour, till her legs were tired beneath her, she had not resolved. It must be as her impulse should direct her when the important moment came. There was not a soul on earth to whom she could go for counsel, and when she asked herself for counsel, the counsel would not come.

Two days afterwards the Duke called again. He would come generally on a Thursday, — early, so that he might be there before other visitors; and he had already quite learned that when he was there other visitors would probably be refused admittance. How Lady Glencora had made her way in, telling the servant that her uncle was there, he had not understood. That visit had been made on the Thursday, but now he came on the Saturday, — having, I regret to say, sent down some early fruit from his own hot-houses, — or from Covent Garden, — with a little note on the previous day. The grapes might have been very well, but the note was injudicious. There were three lines about the grapes, as to which there was some special history, the vine having been brought from the garden of some villa in which some ill-used queen had lived and died; and then there was a postscript in one line to say that the Duke would call on the following morning. I do not think that he had meant to add this when he began his note; but then children, who want the top brick, want it so badly, and cry for it so perversely!

Of course Madame Goesler was at home. But even then she had not made up her mind. She had made up her mind only to this, — that he should be made to speak plainly, and that she would take time for her reply. Not even with such a gem as the Duke's coronet before her eyes, would she jump at it. Where there was so much doubt, there need at least be no impatience.

"You ran away the other day, Duke, because you could not resist the charm of that little boy," she said, laughing.

"He is a dear little boy, — but it was not that," he answered.

"Then what was it? Your niece carried you off in a whirlwind. She was come and gone, taking you with her, in half a minute."

"She had disturbed me when I was thinking of something," said the Duke.

"Things shouldn't be thought of, — not

so deeply as that." Madame Goesler was playing with a bunch of his grapes now, eating one or two, from a small china plate which had stood upon the table, and he thought that he had never seen a woman so graceful and yet so natural. "Will you not eat your own grapes with me? They are delicious; — flavoured with the poor queen's sorrows." He shook his head, knowing that it did not suit his gastric juices to have to deal with fruit eaten at odd times. "Never think, Duke. I am convinced that it does no good. It simply means doubting, and doubt always leads to error. The safest way in the world is to do nothing."

"I believe so," said the Duke.

"Much the safest. But if you have not sufficient command over yourself to enable you to sit in repose, always quiet, never committing yourself to the chance of any danger, — then take a leap in the dark; or rather many leaps. A stumbling horse regains his footing by persevering in his onward course. As for moving cautiously, that I detest."

"And yet one must think; — for instance, whether one will succeed or not."

"Take that for granted always. Remember, I do not recommend motion at all. Repose is my idea of life; — repose and grapes."

The Duke sat for a while silent, taking his repose as far as the outer man was concerned, looking at his top brick of the chimney, as from time to time she ate one of his grapes. Probably she did not eat above half-a-dozen of them altogether, but he thought that the grapes must have been made for the woman, she was so pretty in the eating of them. But it was necessary that he should speak at last. "Have you been thinking of coming to Como?" he said.

"I told you that I never think."

"But I want an answer to my proposition."

"I thought I had answered your Grace on that question." Then she put down the grapes, and moved herself on her chair, so that she sat with her face turned away from him.

"But a request to a lady may be made twice."

"Yes. And I am grateful, knowing how far it is from your intention to do me any harm. And I am somewhat ashamed of my warmth on the other day. But still there can be but one answer. There are delights which a woman must deny herself, let them be ever so delightful."

"I had thought, ——" the Duke began, and then he stopped himself.

"Your Grace was saying that you thought, ——"

"Marie, a man at my age does not like to be denied."

"What man likes to be denied anything by a woman at any age? A woman who denies anything is called cruel at once, — even though it be her very soul." She had turned round upon him now, and was leaning forward towards him from her chair, so that he could touch her if he put out his hand.

He put out his hand and touched her. "Marie," he said, "will you deny me if I ask?"

"Nay, my lord; how shall I say? There is many a trifle I would deny you. There is many a great gift I would give you willingly."

"But the greatest gift of all?"

"My lord, if you have anything to say, you must say it plainly. There never was a woman worse than I am at the reading of riddles."

"Could you endure to live in the quietude of an Italian lake with an old man?" Now he touched her again, and had taken her hand.

"No, my lord; — nor with a young one, — for all my days. But I do not know that age would guide me."

Then the Duke rose and made his proposition in form. "Marie, you know that I love you. Why it is that I at my age should feel so sore a love, I cannot say."

"So sore a love!"

"So sore, if it be not gratified. Marie, I ask you to be my wife."

"Duke of Omnium, this from you!"

"Yes, from me. My coronet is at your feet. If you will allow me to raise it, I will place it on your brow."

Then she went away from him, and seated herself at a distance. After a moment or two he followed her, and stood with his arm upon her shoulder. "You will give me an answer, Marie?"

"You cannot have thought of this, my lord."

"Nay; I have thought of it much."

"And your friends?"

"My dear, I may venture to please myself in this, — as in everything. Will you not answer me?"

"Certainly not on the spur of the moment, my lord. Think how high is the position you offer me, and how immense is the change you propose to me. Allow me two days, and I will answer you by letter. I

am so fluttered now that I must leave you." Then he came to her, took her hand, kissed her brow, and opened the door for her.

#### CHAPTER LXI.

#### ANOTHER DUEL.

It happened that there were at this time certain matters of business to be settled between the Duke of Omnium and his nephew Mr. Palliser, respecting which the latter called upon his uncle on the morning after the Duke had committed himself by his offer. Mr. Palliser had come by appointment made with Mr. Fothergill, the Duke's man of business, and had expected to meet Mr. Fothergill. Mr. Fothergill, however, was not with the Duke, and the uncle told the nephew that the business had been postponed. Then Mr. Palliser asked some question as to the reason of such postponement, not meaning much by his question, — and the Duke, after a moment's hesitation, answered him meaning very much by his answer. "The truth is, Plantagenet, that it is possible that I may marry, and if so this arrangement would not suit me."

"Are you going to be married?" asked the astonished nephew.

"It is not exactly that, — but it is possible that I may do so. Since I proposed this matter to Fothergill I have been thinking over it, and I have changed my mind. It will make but little difference to you; and after all you are a far richer man than I am."

"I am not thinking of money, Duke," said Plantagenet Palliser.

"Of what then were you thinking?"

"Simply of what you told me. I do not in the least mean to interfere."

"I hope not, Plantagenet."

"But I could not hear such a statement from you without some surprise. Whatever you do I hope will tend to make you happy."

So much passed between the uncle and the nephew, and what the uncle told to the nephew, the nephew of course told to his wife. "He was with her again, yesterday," said Lady Glencora, "for more than an hour. And he had been half the morning dressing himself before he went to her."

"He is not engaged to her, or he would have told me," said Plantagenet Palliser.

"I think he would, but there is no knowing. At the present moment I have only one doubt, — whether to act upon him or upon her."

"I do not see that you can do good by going to either."

"Well, we will see. If she be the wo-

man I take her to be, I think I could do something with her. I have never supposed her to be a bad woman,—never. I will think of it." Then Lady Glencora left her husband, and did not consult him afterwards as to the course she would pursue. He had his budget to manage, and his speeches to make. The little affair of the Duke and Madame Goesler, she thought it best to take into her own hands without any assistance from him. "What a fool I was," she said to herself, "to have her down there when the Duke was at Matching."

Madame Goesler, when she was left alone, felt that now indeed she must make up her mind. She had asked for two days. The intervening day was a Sunday, and on the Monday she must send her answer. She might doubt at any rate for this one night,—the Saturday night,—and sit playing, as it were, with the coronet of a duchess in her lap. She had been born the daughter of a small country attorney, and now a duke had asked her to be his wife,—and a duke who was acknowledged to stand above other dukes! Nothing at any rate could rob her of that satisfaction. Whatever resolution she might form at last, she had by her own resources reached a point of success in remembering which there would always be a keen gratification. It would be much to be Duchess of Omnium; but it would be something also to have refused to be a Duchess of Omnium. During that evening, that night, and the next morning, she remained playing with the coronet in her lap. She would not go to church. What good could any sermon do her while that bauble was dangling before her eyes? After church-time, about two o'clock, Phineas Finn came to her. Just at this period Phineas would come to her often;—sometimes full of a new decision to forget Violet Effingham altogether, at others minded to continue his siege let the hope of success be ever so small. He had now heard that Violet and Lord Chiltern had in truth quarrelled, and was of course anxious to be advised to continue the siege. When he first came in and spoke a word or two, in which there was no reference to Violet Effingham, there came upon Madame Goesler a strong wish to decide at once that she would play no longer with the coronet, that the gem was not worth the cost she would be called upon to pay for it. There was something in the world better for her than the coronet,—if only it might be had. But within ten minutes he had told her the whole tale about Lord Chiltern, and how he had seen Violet at Lady Baldock's,—and how

there might yet be hope for him. What would she advise him to do? "Go home, Mr. Finn," she said, "and write a sonnet to her eyebrow. See if that will have any effect."

"Ah, well! It is natural that you should laugh at me; but, somehow, I did not expect it from you."

"Do not be angry with me. What I mean is that such little things seem to influence this Violet of yours."

"Do they? I have not found that they do so."

"If she had loved Lord Chiltern she would not have quarrelled with him for a few words. If she had loved you, she would not have accepted Lord Chiltern. If she loves neither of you, she should say so. I am losing my respect for her."

"Do not say that, Madame Goesler. I respect her as strongly as I love her." Then Madame Goesler almost made up her mind that she would have the coronet. There was a substance about the coronet that would not elude her grasp.

Late that afternoon, while she was still hesitating, there came another caller to the cottage in Park Lane. She was still hesitating, feeling that she had as yet another night before her. Should she be Duchess of Omnium or not? All that she wished to be, she could not be;—but to be Duchess of Omnium was within her reach. Then she began to ask herself various questions. Would the Queen refuse to accept her in her new rank? Refuse! How could any Queen refuse to accept her? She had not done aught amiss in life. There was no slur on her name; no stain on her character. What though her father had been a small attorney, and her first husband a Jew banker! She had broken no law of God or man, had been accused of breaking no law, which breaking or which accusation need stand in the way of her being as good a duchess as any other woman! She was sitting thinking of this, almost angry with herself at the awe with which the proposed rank inspired her, when Lady Glencora was announced to her.

"Madame Goesler," said Lady Glencora, "I am very glad to find you."

"And I more than equally so, to be found," said Madame Goesler, smiling with all her grace.

"My uncle has been with you since I saw you last?"

"Oh yes;—more than once if I remember right. He was here yesterday at any rate."

"He comes often to you then?"

"Not so often as I would wish, Lady Glencora. The Duke is one of my dearest friends."

"It has been a quick friendship."

"Yes;—a quick friendship," said Madame Goesler. Then there was a pause for some moments which Madame Goesler was determined that she would not break. It was clear to her now on what ground Lady Glencora had come to her, and she was fully minded that if she could bear the full light of the god himself in all his glory, she would not allow herself to be scorched by any reflected heat coming from the god's niece. She thought she could endure anything that Lady Glencora might say; but she would wait and hear what might be said.

"I think, Madame Goesler, that I had better hurry on to my subject at once," said Lady Glencora, almost hesitating as she spoke, and feeling that the colour was rushing up to her cheeks and covering her brow. "Of course, what I have to say will be disagreeable. Of course I shall offend you. And yet I do not mean it."

"I shall be offended at nothing, Lady Glencora, unless I think that you mean to offend me."

"I protest that I do not. You have seen my little boy."

"Yes, indeed. The sweetest child! God never gave me anything half so precious as that."

"He is the Duke's heir."

"So I understand."

"For myself, by my honour as a woman, I care nothing. I am rich and have all that the world can give me. For my husband, in this matter, I care nothing. His career he will make for himself, and it will depend on no title."

"Why all this to me, Lady Glencora? What have I to do with your husband's titles?"

"Much;—if it be true that there is an idea of marriage between you and the Duke of Omnium."

"Psha!" said Madame Goesler, with all the scorn of which she was mistress.

"It is untrue, then?" asked Lady Glencora.

"No;—it is not untrue. There is an idea of such a marriage."

"And you are engaged to him?"

"No;—I am not engaged to him."

"Has he asked you?"

"Lady Glencora, I really must say that such a cross-questioning from one lady to another is very unusual. I have promised not to be offended, unless I thought that

you wished to offend me. But do not drive me too far."

"Madame Goesler, if you will tell me that I am mistaken, I will beg your pardon, and offer to you the most sincere friendship which one woman can give another."

"Lady Glencora, I can tell you nothing of the kind."

"Then it is to be so! And have you thought what you would gain?"

"I have thought much of what I should gain:—and something also of what I should lose."

"You have money."

"Yes, indeed; plenty,—for wants so moderate as mine."

"And position."

"Well, yes; a sort of position. Not such as yours, Lady Glencora. That, if it be not born to a woman, can only come to her from a husband. She cannot win it for herself."

"You are free as air, going where you like, and doing what you like."

"Too free, sometimes," said Madame Goesler.

"And what will you gain by changing all this simply for a title?"

"But for such a title, Lady Glencora! It may be little to you to be Duchess of Omnium, but think what it must be to me!"

"And for this you will not hesitate to rob him of all his friends, to embitter his future life, to degrade him among his peers,—"

"Degrade him! Who dares say that I shall degrade him? He will exalt me, but I shall no whit degrade him. You forget yourself, Lady Glencora."

"Ask any one. It is not that I despise you. If I did, would I offer you my hand in friendship? But an old man, over seventy, carrying the weight and burden of such rank as his, will degrade himself in the eyes of his fellows, if he marries a young woman without rank, let her be ever so clever, ever so beautiful. A Duke of Omnium may not do as he pleases, as may another man."

"It may be well, Lady Glencora, for other dukes, and for the daughters and heirs and cousins of other dukes, that his Grace should try that question. I will, if you wish it, argue this matter with you on many points, but I will not allow you to say that I should degrade any man whom I might marry. My name is as unstained as your own."

"I meant nothing of that," said Lady Glencora.

"For him;—I certainly would not willingly injure him. Who wishes to injure a friend? And, in truth, I have so little to

gain, that the temptation to do him an injury, if I thought it one, is not strong. For your little boy, Lady Glencora, I think your fears are premature." As she said this, there came a smile over her face, which threatened to break from control and almost become laughter. "But, if you will allow me to say so, my mind will not be turned against this marriage half so strongly by any arguments you can use as by those

which I can adduce myself. You have nearly driven me into it, by telling me that I should degrade his house. It is almost incumbent on me to prove that you are wrong. But you had better leave me to settle the matter in my own bosom. You had indeed."

After a while Lady Glencora did leave her, — to settle the matter within her own bosom, — having no other alternative.

SIR RICHARD MAYNE, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, died on Sunday, at the age of 73. When only 33 years old, and a rising barrister, he was selected by Sir Robert Peel to organize a police for London, till then almost unprotected. In the teeth of the most bitter criticism, he, in conjunction with Colonel Rowan, organized the Force on its present basis, making London from 1829 to about 1862 the most secure capital in Europe, or perhaps in the world. During the last six years the violent criminals of the metropolis, aided by causes discussed elsewhere, proved almost too strong for his little army of order, but for more than a generation the cool barrister maintained real peace and security through a city which is a kingdom at an expense of 3s. 6d. a head a year. In his youth, and prime, and green old age, we doubt if the country ever had a more successful servant than Sir Richard Mayne, to whom it gave nothing but a moderate salary, a K. C. B., and some strictly official esteem.

Spectator, 2 Jan.

THE American Minister, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, distributed yesterday week the prizes awarded by the Birkbeck Institute to pupils of both sexes. After commenting, as he was in duty bound, on the importance of feminine culture, and also awarding the usual compliments to the memory of Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, speaking of America and England with a touch of true American humour, — not the less humorous because what he said may have had its truth, — went on to remark that "not only are our institutions identical, but we speak the same language; and although we speak it better than you do, we understand each other, and by and by you will be able to speak the language as well as we do." It has really been shown, we believe, that a great many of what we call Americanisms are good old English idioms used in their good old English sense. But even the true Americanisms have the flavour of an originality, a strength, and youth which are not very visible in England, and

which we are often compelled to borrow. And we doubt if any English writer now living writes so pure a classical English as was written by Nathaniel Hawthorne.  
Spectator, 26 Dec.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is notoriously a bold man, and he has lately been doing a bold thing. While we in England have been having a fight over scientific lectures on Sunday evening, and some of the friends of such lectures have been taking their stand on the legal right to establish such things for the instruction of people, while others have been taking shelter under the title of Recreative Religionists, Mr. Beecher has been able, unmolested, to get a scientific gentleman to deliver physiological lectures on Sundays in the school-house (school-church we should probably call it in England) belonging to his place of worship at Brooklyn. It has been justly said that this innovation is enough to make his father turn in his grave.

London Review.

WITH regard to the emphatic protest made by Mr. Sims Reeves against the high musical pitch at present existing in England, the *Musical Times* informs us that a reformation is about to be attempted. "During the ensuing season a series of six concerts will be given, at St. James's Hall, in which the standard French pitch will be adopted. These concerts will consist exclusively of sacred music (and mostly of oratorios), and Mr. Sims Reeves has pledged himself to sing at each performance. Amongst the works to be given, Handel's 'Jephtha' will be one of the most interesting, not only on account of its being almost a novelty to a London audience, but because the tenor part is so peculiarly fitted to the grandeur and power of Mr. Reeves' style and voice. There will be a carefully-chosen band of between fifty and sixty performers, and the chorus will consist of Mr. Joseph Barnby's choir."

London Review.



## BOOK IV. CHAPTER I.

## THE STRUGGLE IN A CHILD'S HEART.

THE sparrows in the alders and willows on the shore of the convent-island twittered and chattered noisily together, they had so much to say to each other about what they had experienced during the day; and who knows whether their to-day was not a much longer interval of time than ours? One puffed up by his experience — perhaps we should say *her* experience, for the feathers had lost their colors from age — sat quietly in the crotch of a bough, comfortably resting against the trunk; he echoed and re-echoed his delight at the splendid time he enjoyed over the river, under the closely-trimmed branches of a shady linden, in the vineyard by the shore.

The waiter there had long delayed removing the remnants of an English breakfast, and there were cakes, the pieces, alas! too large, abundance of eggs, honey, and sugar; it was a feast without parallel. He considered that the real joy of existence had its first beginning when one wished to know nothing more of all other things, and had supreme satisfaction in eating and drinking alone. Only in mature life did one really come to that perception.

Others would listen to nothing from the swaggering fellow, and there was an irregular debate, whether lettuce-seeds or young cabbage-heads were not much better than all the cooked-up dishes of men. A young rogue, fluttering around his roguish mate, reported to her that behind the ferryman's house, there hung from the garret-window a bulging bag full of flax-seed; if one only knew how to rip open the seam a little, one could gradually eat up all the tidbits, but it must be kept a profound secret, else the others would come too; and hemp-seed, it must be acknowledged, was just the most precious good which this whole round earth could furnish. The rogue was of the opinion that her delicate bill was exactly the nice thing to pick open the seam; it was the most contemptible baseness in human beings, to hang up in the open air just the most tempting dainties all fastened and tied up.

A late-comer, flying up in breathless haste, announced that the scarecrow, standing in the field, was nothing but a stick with clothes hung upon it.

"Because the stupid men believe in scarecrows, they think that we do too," laughed he, and flapped his wings in astonishment and pity at the manifest simplicity.

There was a frantic bustle in the alders and willows, and almost as frantic in the great meadow, where the girls from the convent caught hold of each other, chattered together, tittered, teased one another, and laughed.

Apart from her noisy companions, and frequently passing under the alder-trees where there was such a merry gathering of the birds, walked a girl slender in form and graceful in movement, with black hair and brilliant eyes, accompanied by a tall and majestic woman in a nun's dress, whose bearing had an expression of quiet and decisive energy. Her lips were naturally so pressed together, that the mouth seemed only a narrow streak of red. The entire brow was covered with a white kerchief, and the face, the large eyes, the small eyebrows, the sharp nose, the closely pressed lips, and the projecting but rather handsome chin, had something commanding and immovable.

"Honored mother," began the maiden, "you have read the letter from Fräulein Perini?"

The nun — it was the superior — only turned her face a little; she seemed to be waiting for the maiden — it was Hermanna Sonnenkamp — to speak further.

As Manna, however, was silent, the superior said: —

"Herr von Pranken is then to make us a visit. He is a man of good family and good morals, he seems a wordling, but he is not one exactly. He has, indeed, the impatience of the outside world; I trust, however, that he will not press his wooing as long as you are here our child, that is to say, the child of the Lord."

She spoke in a very deliberate tone, and now stopped.

"Let us go away from here; the noise of the birds above there allows one hardly to hear herself speak."

They went by the churchyard, in the middle of the island, to the grove growing near a small rocky ledge, which the children called the Switzerland of the island; there they sat down, and the superior continued: —

"I am sure of you, my child, that you will decline hearing a word from Herr von Pranken that has any reference to protestations of love, or to the soliciting your hand in marriage."

"You know, honored mother," replied Manna, — her voice was always pathetic, and as if veiled with tears, — "you know, honored mother, that I have promised to take the veil."

"I know it, and I also do not know it,

for what you now say or determine is for us like a word written in the sand, which the wind and the footsteps of man may efface. You must go out again into the world; you must have overcome the world, before you renounce it. Yes, my child! the whole world must appear to you like your dolls, which you tell me of, — forgotten, valueless, dead, — a child's toy, upon which it is scarcely conceivable that so much regard, so much love, should be lavished."

For some time all was still, nothing was to be heard but the song of the nightingale in the thicket, and above the river ravens were flying in flocks and singing — men call it croaking — and soaring to their nests in the mountain-cliffs.

"My child," began the superior, after a while, "to-day is the anniversary of my mother's death; I have to-day prayed for her soul in eternity, as I did at that time. At the time she died — men call it dying, but it is only the birth into another life — at that time, my vow forbade me to stand by her death-bed; it cost me hardly a struggle, for whether my parents are still out there in the world, or above there in heaven, it makes no difference to us. Look, the water is now tinged with the glow of evening, and people outside, on the hills and on the banks, are speaking in raptures of nature, that new idol which they have set up, for they are the children of nature; but we are to be the children of God, before whose sight all nature seems only a void, under whatever color it may appear, whether clothed in green, or white with snow."

"I believe, I comprehend that," Manna said assentingly.

"That is why I say it to you," continued the worthy mother. "It is a great thing to overcome the world, to thrust it from one's self, and never to long for it a single instant, and to receive in exchange the eternal blessedness, even while we dwell here in the body. Yes, my child," she laid both hands upon the head of Manna, and continued, "I would like to give you strength, my strength — no, not mine, that which God has lent me. Thou art to struggle hard and bravely with the world, thou art to be tried and sifted, before thou comest to us forever, to the fore-court of the Kingdom of Heaven."

Manna had closed her eyes, and in her soul was the one only wish, that now the earth might open and swallow her up, or that some supernatural power would come and lift her up over all. When she opened her eyes, and saw the marvellous splendor

of the sunset sky, the violet haze of the mountains, and the river glowing in the red beams of evening, she shut her eyes again, and made a repellant movement with her hand, as if she would have said, — I will have nothing of thee; thou shalt be naught to me; thou art only a doll, a lifeless thing, on which we waste our love.

With trembling voice Manna mourned over her rent and tempest-tossed spirit; a few days before she had sung and spoken the message of the heralding angels, while dark demons were raging within her. She had spent the whole day in prayer, that she might be worthy to announce such a message, and then in the twilight a man had appeared before her, and her eye had rested on him with pleasure; it was the tempter who had approached her, and the figure had followed her into her dreams. She had risen at midnight, and wept, and prayed to God that he would not suffer her to fall into sin and ruin. But she had not conquered. She scorned and hated the vision, but it would not leave her. Now she begged that some penance might be imposed upon her, that she might be allowed to fast for three days.

The superior gently consoled her, saying that she must not blame herself so bitterly, because the self-reproach increased the excitement of fancy and feeling. At the season when the elders were in bloom and the nightingales sang, a maiden of seventeen was apt to be visited by dreams; Manna must not weep over these dreams, but just scare them away and mock at them; they were only to be driven off by ridicule.

Manna kissed the hands of the superior.

It became dark. The sparrows were silent, the noisy children returned to the house, and only the nightingale sang continually in the shrubbery. Manna turned back to the convent, the superior leading her by the hand. She went to the large dormitory, and sprinkled herself with holy water. She continued praying silently long after she had gone to bed, and fell asleep with her hands folded.

The river swept rustling along the valley, and swept rustling by the villa where Roland slept with contemptuously curled lip; it rushed past the streets of the little town where Eric was speculating upon this and that in the doctor's house; it rushed by the inn where Franken, leaning against the window, stared over at the convent.

The moon shone on the river, and the nightingales sang on the shore, and in the houses thousands of people slept, forgetting joy and sorrow, until the day again dawned.

## CHAPTER II.

## A GREEN TWIG.

ON the west side of the convent, under the lofty, wide-spreading, thickly-leaved chestnut-trees, beeches, and lindens, and far in among the firs with their fresh shoots, stationary tables and benches were arranged. Girls in blue dresses were sitting here, reading, writing, or busy with their hand-work. Sometimes there was a low humming, but not louder than the humming of the bees in the blossoming chestnut-trees; sometimes a moving this way and that, a change in one's position, but not more than the fluttering of a bird in the trees overhead.

Manna sat at the table beneath a large fir-tree, and at a little distance from her, on a low seat under a lofty beech on whose trunk many names were carved, and on which was suspended a framed picture of the Madonna, sat a little child; she looked up frequently at Manna, who nodded to her, indicating that she must study her book more diligently, and be as busy as the rest. The child was nicknamed Heimchen, because she had suffered so much from homesickness, and Heimchen had become the pet of all the girls. Manna had cured the child, to all appearance at least, for on the day after the representation of the sacred play, she had received permission from a lay-sister who presided over the gardening, to prepare for the child a separate little garden-plot; and now she seemed to be taking root in the foreign land, as did the plants which she had since watered and cared for, but she was inseparable from Manna.

Manna worked diligently; some pale blue paper was lying before her, and she was painting on it, with a fine brush, pictures of the stars in color of gold from small shells.

She prided herself especially on having the neatest writing-books, every leaf ruled very regularly with lines close together, and uniformly written upon, neither too coarse nor too fine. Manna had received, a few days since, the highest mark of honor ever conferred on a pupil, by being unanimously made the recipient of the blue ribbon, which the three classes of the children, namely, the children of Jesus, the angels of Mary, and the children of Mary, had adjudged to her. There had hardly been any election, so much a matter of course did it seem that nobody but Manna could be designated for the blue ribbon. This badge of distinction gave her a sort of right to be considered a superior.

While she was thus drawing, and frequently running her eye over the children left under her care, she had a book open by her side; it was Thomas à Kempis. While putting in the stars, which she did with that delicate and beautiful finish attainable, perhaps, only in the convent, she snatched a few sentences out of Thomas à Kempis, that her soul might be occupied with higher thoughts during this trifling occupation.

The stroke of oars sounded from the shore on that side: the girls looked up; a handsome young man was standing in the boat, who lifted his hat and waved it, as if saluting the island.

"Is he your brother? your cousin?" was whispered here and there.

No one knew the stranger.

The boat came to land. The girls were full of curiosity, but they dared not intermit their work, for everything had its allotted time. Luckily, a tall, fair-complexioned maiden had used up all her green worsted, so that she must go to the convent for more, and she nodded significantly to the others that she would find out who was the new arrival. But before the blond girl could come back, a serving-sister appeared, and informed Manna Sonnenkamp that she was to come to the convent. Manna arose, and Heimchen, who wanted to go with her, was bidden to remain; the child quietly seated herself again on her little stool under the beech-tree from which hung the picture of the Madonna. Manna broke off a little freshly-budding twig from the tree under which she had been sitting, and placed it in her book as a mark; she then followed the sister.

There was great questioning among those who remained: Who is he? Is he a cousin? But the Sonnenkamps have no relatives in Europe. Perhaps a cousin from America.

The children were uneasy, and seemed to have no longer any inclination for their studies. Manna had given to a companion the blue sash which she wore on her right shoulder, and this one felt it incumbent on her to keep strict order.

Manna came to the convent. As she entered the reception-room, to find the lady-superior, Otto von Franken rose quickly and bowed.

"Herr von Franken," said the superior, "brings you a greeting from your parents and Fräulein Perini."

Franken approached Manna, and extended his hand, but as she had the book in her right hand, she gave him in a hesitating manner her left. Franken, the fluent talker, only stammered out — for Manna's appearance had greatly impressed him

—the expression of his satisfaction at seeing Manna so well and so much grown, and of the joy it would give her parents and Fräulein Perini to see her again, so much improved.

The stammering manner of Pranken, moved as he was by repressed feeling, lasted while he continued to speak further; for in the midst of his involuntary agitation, he became suddenly aware that this evident emotion could not fail to be noticed by Manna, and must produce some impression upon her. He skilfully contrived to keep up the same tone with which he had begun, and congratulated himself on his ability to play so well a bashful, timid, and surprised part. He had many animating narratives to give of her family at home, and congratulated the maiden on being allowed to live on a blissful island until she could return to the mainland, where a pleasant company of friends formed also a social mainland. Pranken contemplated with a great deal of self-satisfaction this comparison, as pretty as it was new.

Manna did not say a great deal; at last she asked,—

“Who may this Captain Dournay be, of-whom Roland writes to me so enthusiastically?”

Pranken winced a little, but he said smilingly,—

“I was so fortunate as to find a poor young man to instruct our Roland—permit me to speak of him so, for I love him like a brother—in a variety of matters. I think that it will do Roland no harm to acquire information from the man.”

“Roland writes me that he is an intimate friend of yours.”

“Herr Dournay has probably said so to him, and I will not contradict it, if Roland is thus led to entertain a higher respect for a teacher. But, my dear Fräulein, I may venture to say to you that I am somewhat sparing in the use of the word friend, and I would therefore rather not—”

“Then tell me something of the character of this man who calls himself your friend.”

“Excuse me from giving the particular details. You yourself will certainly agree with me, that it is our duty to help toward the good one who is striving to turn from the error of his ways, even if we cannot wholly blot out the past.”

“What, then, has this Herr Dournay done?” interposed the superior. “I should be sorry on his mother’s account, who was a companion of my youth; she is a Protestant, to be sure, but she is what the world calls good and noble.”

Pranken appeared perplexed, but with a motion of the hand which implied careful consideration, kind intentions, and a sort of delicate reservation, he said, looking down at the floor,—

“Honored mother, and dear Fräulein! Spare me from making such a statement here in the convent, and consider what I have touched upon as if it had not been said. When I look around me here—as little ought certain words, not perhaps so inappropriate in the world outside, to be spoken aloud in this pure air, as unsaintly pictures, to use a mild expression, to hang by the side of the pious, transfigured forms upon these pure walls. Permit me to say to you, I have special guaranties that the poor young man will not conduct himself unworthily.”

Manna’s countenance suddenly assumed an expression of noble indignation as she said,—

“But I cannot conceive how they can commit my brother to the charge of a man, who—”

Pranken prayed to be excused for interrupting her. He conjured her by what was high and holy, to forget that he, in his zeal for the truth, had said anything against a former comrade; he had done it involuntarily in his contemplation of purity and loveliness. He besought so earnestly, he manifested so good a heart, so full of human love, that Manna now voluntarily extended to him her hand, and said,—

“I believe you. Ah, how rejoiced I am you are so good!”

Pranken was happy, but determined that Eric should not be received into the family. It seemed more and more puzzling to him that he should himself have raised up such an antagonist; he was now doubly out of humor with Eric, for he had been the occasion of his being untrue and unjust, and Pranken was too proud to be so misled, especially when a little caution on his own part might have prevented the necessity of it.

“Might I venture to request you to show me the lines?” he now said. “My object is to see how good a judge of men Roland has become. Would you be willing to show me what our splendid brother has written of this Herr Dournay?”

Manna blushed, and replied that they had better say no more about the captain; and she besought Pranken to do all he could to remove the man out of the house, if it were still a possible thing. Pranken promised to do all in his power, and he recovered his natural elasticity while he prayed Manna, in a lively tone, but sub-

duced to the proprieties of the place, that instead of giving him so easy a task, she would commission him, like a knight of the good old times, to contend against the dragon-brood. And yet, while calling it easy, he felt in his own heart that the task could not rightly be called so.

The superior rose; she thought that it was high time, and a good time, too, to break off the conversation. Pranken had renewed his acquaintance, and that must suffice for the present. The superior was not so resolutely bent upon the convent for Manna, as to desire that Pranken might not win her affections. Such a house and such a family, endowed with such incredible wealth, might be of great advantage to the convent and to the Church.

"It was very kind in you to visit us," she now said. "Carry my greeting, I pray, to your sister, the Countess Bella, and say to her that she is remembered in my prayers."

Pranken saw that he was expected to take leave, and yet he wanted to say something more definite, and to hear some word which should give him the desired security. His countenance suddenly lighted up, as he said, with such modesty and such friendly feeling that one could not refuse compliance, —

"Fräulein Manna! We erring creatures outside like to have a lasting token in our hands."

"What do you want?" quickly and sharply struck in the superior.

"Honored mother! I would beseech you," Pranken said, turning quickly with humble mien toward the severe lady, "I would beseech you to permit Fräulein Sonnenkamp to give that book into my hand."

"Wonderful!" cried Manna, "I wanted to do that! I wanted to give it to you to carry to my brother. Ask him to read every day a chapter, beginning from the place where the green twig is put, so that he may receive every day the same thoughts into his soul that I do."

"What happiness this harmony of feeling, this oneness of sentiment, gives me! It would be a profanation to try to describe it!"

The superior was at a loss what to do, and Pranken continued: —

"I beseech you, then, my honored Fräulein, to pardon my presumption; I would like to request you to give me this holy book for my own edification, and that I too may be allowed to keep even step with your brother and you."

"But my name is written in the book," said Manna, blushing.

"So much the better," Pranken wanted to say, but luckily he was able to withhold it; he turned to the superior, folded his hands, and stood as if praying her to grant his petition. The superior nodded her head several times, and at last said, —

"My child, you may, perhaps, comply with this request of Herr von Pranken. And now, farewell."

Pranken received the book. He left the convent. As he sat in the boat, the ferryman said to him, —

"Perhaps some maiden over there is betrothed to you?"

Pranken did not reply, but he gave the ferryman a whole handful of gold. His heart throbbing with bliss, Pranken rushed up the bank, and immediately sent a telegram to his sister.

### CHAPTER III.

#### HERCULES IN A HAIR-DRESSER'S SHOP.

THE telegraphist was very much astonished, but did not dare to express his surprise, when the handsome, noble young man, with the polished exterior and the unassuming air, through which there was plainly discernible a feeling of condescension towards a public officer, handed in a telegram mysteriously worded, and running thus: —

"God be praised! a green twig from the island of felicity. New genealogical tree. Heavenly manna. Endless possessions. A consecrated one, new-born."

"OTTO VON PRANKEN."

Pranken walked about in the tasteful, well-arranged grounds of the station, looked up to the mountains, down to the river, to the island; the whole world was as if freshly created to him, he seemed to himself in a new earth; a veil was removed from everything, and all was ravishingly beautiful. In a copse, where no one saw him, he knelt down; and while he knelt he felt inexpressibly happy, and as if he never wished to rise again. He heard a noise in his vicinity, stood upright, and brushed his knees carefully. It was nothing but a beggar that disturbed him. Without waiting to be spoken to, Pranken gave him a considerable sum of money, and after the beggar had gone away, he called him back and gave him as much again.

The air was loaded with aromatic fragrance, intermingled with that delicate resinous perfume that comes from the opening buds; innumerable rose-buds hung from the trellises, as if waiting for the word to open; from the steep wall of rock, where a



passage for the railroad had been cut, a cuckoo called, and thousands of birds joined in with their song. The whole world was full of blossoming fragrance and music of birds,—all was redeemed, ransomed, blessed.

The people at the station thought that the young man who was thus walking to and fro, sometimes hurrying, sometimes standing still, sometimes looking up, and then casting his eyes to the ground, must be expecting a relative by the next train; but Pranken was waiting for no person and no thing. What could there be in the world to come to him? He had everything. He could not conceive how he could stay here, and Manna be over there; no moment ought to pass away without their being together, one, inseparable.

A finch now flew away from the tree beneath which he was standing; it flew over the river to the island. Ah! could I also fly over and look at her and greet her from the tree, and at evening fly to her window-sill, and look upon her until she went to sleep, and in the morning when she awoke!

All the feelings that ever moved the heart of youth now took possession of Pranken, and he was frightened at himself, when that demon of vanity and self-conceit, whose growth he had so fostered within him, whispered in his ear, Thou art a noble, enthusiastic youth! All great qualities are thine! He now hated this evil spirit, and he found means of driving him out.

He sat in a retired arbor and read in Thomas à Kempis. He read the admonition: "Learn to rule thyself, and then thou canst rule the things of the world." Pranken had, until now, regarded life as a light jest, not worth the trouble, indeed, of attempting to do any thing with it. He had that contemptuous tone with which one orders a poodle to jump over a stick, and he looked up amazed as to what this should mean.

Is it possible that there is such a way of thinking as this, even in those who belong to the church? "In my father's house are many mansions, and perhaps, it is very well to show for once to the children of the world, that they are not the sole possessors of the right to sport freely with the world."

All was to Pranken more and more amazing, more and more enigmatical, and, at the same time, more and more illuminated. If the buds there upon the hedge could tell, in the moment when they open, how the light thrills through them, it would be like what was now taking place in the soul of this young man. And if a man, who had

heard the old legend without believing it, should find down there in the river the Niebelungen treasure, the old, beautiful, splendid, rare and solid jewelry—he would feel as Pranken did when he really discovered, for the first time, the Christian doctrine in this searching and impressive little book. All is there so comprehensive, expressing thine own inner conflicting desires, and expressing them with such tenderness, and disclosing their secret springs, and giving too, the directions how thou canst lay aside what is wrong, and make the true thine own.

Pranken sat there a long time in a reverie; railway trains came, railway trains went; boats went up and down the river, but Pranken heard and saw all as if it were only a dream. The noon-day bell at the convent first aroused him. He went to the inn.

He met here a comrade, who was making a wedding tour with his young bride. Pranken was warmly welcomed; they were very glad to meet him. Pranken must join a water-party on an excursion to the mountains, after dinner; but he declined, he knew not why. But he looked at the young bride and bridegroom with gleaming eyes; so will it be,—so will it be, when he journeys with Manna! It thrilled him with ecstasy to think that he should be alone with her, alone out in the wide world! Why can he not, even now, go for her and bring her out? He promised to himself to learn patience.

They were very merry at dinner-time, and Pranken was delighted that he could still crack his old jokes; his comrade should not have a fine story to tell at the military-club, its members should not have a chance to jeer; and the stout Kannenberg should not bet a flask of Canary that this pious mood was only one of Pranken's whims. Pranken brought out his witticisms as if he had learned them by rote, and it seemed to him a century ago, almost as if it had been in a previous state of existence, that there had been such a thing as appearing on parade.

At table, Pranken heard accidentally that, on the next day, a pilgrimage was to leave the town near by with great pomp. The new-married couple took counsel whether they should not be spectators of the display at the place of pilgrimage; they would decide in the evening.

After Pranken had accompanied them to the boat, he went to the station, and took a ticket for town; he was glad to be able to be in time for the evening service at the cathedral. He reached the town and

smiled compassionately. when obliging servants in the streets offered themselves as guides to places of amusements; he smiled compassionately, when a servant in the church asked the "gracious gentleman," whether he should show him everything. Franken knelt among the worshippers.

Refreshed, and satisfied with himself, he left the church. He strolled through the town, and stood long before a hair-dresser's shop. No one would have thought, and Otto von Franken least of all, that there was a battle-field destined for him, not outside in the wild contest of arms, but before a great window filled with various perfumes, false hair for men and women, with dolls' heads, whose glass eyes stared under the artificial brows and lashes. Over the door was printed in golden letters, "Hair-dressing and shaving done here." Is it not laughable that a battle is to be fought here? so far from being laughable, it is serious, bitter, earnest.

Franken had made a heroic resolve to take part in the pilgrimage, and indeed he wanted to unite himself with the pilgrims in a humble manner, and join in their prayers and mortifications. And in the meanwhile, not to attract attention, and all alone, to allow the change to proceed silently in himself, it seemed expedient, first to get rid of his very noticeable whiskers and moustaches; and it was very important to make recognition difficult, for he feared that some one might meet him and change his determination, and other people be guilty of the sin of mockery. And he was especially troubled in regard to the young married couple, who wished to make the pilgrimage. He would be one of the sights of their journey which they could talk of on their return home. And, besides, how many might be seduced into impiety by laughing over it, and they certainly would laugh at Otto von Franken's being among the pilgrims! Therefore, for your own sake, and that of others, you must be disguised somewhat.

So with heroic resolution—and it was certainly heroic, for who would be willing to deprive himself of an ornament so highly prized and not to be replaced at pleasure?—Franken entered the fragrant shop, sat down in an arm-chair, and looked at his beard and moustache reflected in a great mirror hanging opposite. His eyes almost overflowed. A great white apron, a true sacrificial mantle for the sacrificial lamb, was thrown over him, and an exceedingly polite young man, who had no suspicion of the priestly office assigned to him, asked,—

"Does the gracious gentleman wish to be shaved, or to be curled?"

"Curled," answered Franken, quick as lightning, for it came to him like an inspiration, that he would mingle with the pilgrims curled and elegantly dressed; this would be a fuller and deeper confession, and it would bring more honor to the sanctuaries, if it were seen that a man of rank, evidently a military officer, offered to them his veneration.

Finally, with hair nicely dressed, Franken went out of the shop, and in all the large windows of all the stores he passed, he looked not without satisfaction at his rescued treasure,—his beard and moustache.

He smiled victoriously upon the world.

Franken knew of an inn in the town which was the resort of the élite of the nobility, and he went there hoping to find some companion of equal rank, and with the firm determination to induce him to go on the pilgrimage with him. He found no one whom he knew, and he could not remain in the public parlor, for he saw there, on entering, a famous actress, who was fulfilling here a star engagement, and whom he had formerly known; he pretended not to recognize her and withdrew to his own room.

The morning came; the bells rang for the pilgrims to take their departure. Franken formed a weighty resolve. Nothing hasty! he said to himself. Make no show! Give the world no opportunity for misconstruction! One has a duty to perform to the world and to the past! One must be putting off the old man, by degrees, and let the new man be unfolded.

From the window of the inn Franken saw the pilgrims go forth, as he puffed clouds of smoke from his cigar. Then he went to the station, bought a ticket, and returned to Wolfsgarten.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### BITTER ALMONDS.

In the country where the tankard rules, the ladies assemble to take coffee, and wine and coffee are equal in this respect, that they can be had at all seasons of the year. In spring and summer, it is pleasant to drink them on a gentle eminence, in a shady arbor where there is a fine view of the country around; in autumn and winter, in comfortable rooms furnished with an abundance of sofa-cushions, embroidered in patterns of parrots or fat woolly dogs.

The coffee-party has the advantage of being given in succession by various per-

sons, and as the pint of wine is not strictly a pint, but can be increased at pleasure, so coffee is only a modest expression for the May-bowls and fruits of the culinary art which follow it; and a hostess who wishes to do something surpassing the rest sends to the great city for ice, to be brought over the railroad.

The Justice's wife led off in the spring coffee-parties. The little garden behind the house was very pleasant, where the lilacs were blooming in all their glory, but the surrounding houses overlooked it, and it was better to have the party in the best parlor opening upon the balcony.

The rustling chintz covers were taken off the sofa-cushions. The invitations were sent out, among the rest to the Countess Wolfsgarten, who had returned an acceptance; but the regular course of proceeding was, that about an hour before the appointed time, a delicately scented, prettily written note should arrive, in which Frau Bella expressed her regret that an unfortunate head-ache would deprive her of the long anticipated pleasure of meeting the highly respected wife of the Justice, and her much esteemed company.

To-day, contrary to all expectation, the Countess had come herself, and had indeed arrived before any of the rest of the party, which was not exactly the thing in fashionable society.

The Justice's wife sent Lina directly into the state parlor to place one more chair, for they had felt quite sure that the Countess would not come.

"I expect my brother to day, he has been down the Rhine," Frau Bella soon said.

She did in fact wish to carry her brother home from the town, that she might hear more of Manna and the enigmatical telegram; but she had a second purpose in view, and an opportunity of carrying it out soon presented itself.

The Justice's wife complained that Captain and Doctor Dournay — "what is one to call him —?"

"Call him simply doctor."

That Doctor Dournay, then, had paid a visit to the priest, to the major, and to the physician. The Major's housekeeper had told the beadle a great deal about him. But very singularly, though he seemed to be a man of excellent manners, he had neglected the very central point of the town, which was certainly the Justice's court. He had certainly apologized very humbly when he spent the night at the doctor's, and the doctor's wife said that he was soon to return and enter Sonnenkamp's service with a

salary more than double that of a Justice. Herr von Pranken had done a very kind thing in getting this position for the young man, who, it was to be hoped, would show himself worthy of his recommendation.

Bella nodded acquiescingly, and praised the Justice's wife for acknowledging in so friendly a manner the kindness which it was a duty to show to an unfortunate man, but added that she must certainly see the danger also, that an untrustworthy man could be injured in no way more than by benefits, which served only to nourish enemies who lay in wait for the right moment to show themselves in their true light.

The Justice's wife was delighted with the manner in which this lady of acknowledged intellect dressed up her own plain common-sense so finely. She assented, and felt much pleased with the idea, that, as soon as one enjoyed personal intercourse with the Countess Wolfsgarten, one could think more clearly and understand everything better. Both ladies smiled contentedly, and each declared that the other was dressed most becomingly and tastefully, though of course with the acknowledgment that Frau Bella was the most marked in this respect, for to attempt to rival her would be folly.

Bella certainly looked very animated. She spoke lightly — for the matter must not be misrepresented — of the slight attack of illness which the Count had had at Villa Eden, when "Herr Dournay" who had lifted him had behaved right bravely. The Justice's wife launched out in praise of the Count, and of the care which was taken of his life.

Frau Bella led the conversation back, and with cautious circumspection insinuated that Eric had omitted a visit to the Justice, because he felt a certain shyness of legal tribunals, and still more of all faithful servants of the reigning king.

With considerable eagerness, the Justice's wife pressed for further information, and under a promise of strict secrecy — though, of course, the Justice must know all — she was informed that people knew of certain political declarations, even of printed announcements in a foreign paper, or rather a paper published beyond the boundary line, which had induced the former Lieutenant Dournay to ask for his discharge, before it was given him without his asking.

"Then why was the rank of captain given him?" asked the Justice's wife.

"You question with as much shrewdness as the Justice himself," replied Bella.

She did not seem prepared for this inquiry, and only said that it was not for her to wish to stand in the way of a poor young

man's earning a living. Very likely it had been done—at this point she seized the hand of the Justice's wife and held it between her own, as if signifying that she was entrusting a great secret to her charge—very likely it had been done for the sake of his mother, who had been a favorite lady of honor to the dowager princess; of course the matter was kept as quiet as possible.

Bella tried to put on a pleased smile, and to repress an expression of mild compassion, when the Justice's wife said,—

"There my husband guessed right again. As we were driving home from your reception—ah, what a pleasant, cheerful time we had—my husband said to me and my daughter, 'Children, I tell you, this Herr Dournay is a dangerous man.' Oh, men are always more keen-sighted, and know more about each other than we women can ever find out."

She seemed to be losing herself in general reflections on mankind, which she liked to make, saying that any one who lived over a ground-floor full of legal documents took a very gloomy view of men.

This did not seem to be what Bella wanted to-day. She asked very carelessly,—

"Has your husband spoken to Herr Sonnenkamp of his very sagacious opinion that this Herr Doctor Dournay is a dangerous man?"

"It's true that would be proper," said the Justice's wife. "Will you not tell my husband, gracious lady, that he ought to make his views known? He doesn't heed me, I'm sorry to say, but he is glad to do anything for you."

"Don't ask me," Bella replied. "You must see that I cannot mix myself up in this affair. My brother has a sort of regard toward his former comrade although they were not in the same regiment, and my husband has taken a morbid, I mean enthusiastic fancy to the young man. You are quite right; your husband is bound—"

Bella did her work so securely, that she felt sure that the Justice would go to Sonnenkamp before evening, and Herr Dournay might make the most of his confident bearing somewhere else, for Bella wished, on many accounts, that Eric should not be established in the neighborhood; he caused her uneasiness, almost pain indeed. As she tapped one hand with the closed fan which she held tightly grasped in the other, she inwardly repeated the words of the Justice: This Dournay is a dangerous man.

The Justice's wife was a woman of democratic principles; she was the daughter of

a Chief-Justice who had offered unbending resistance at the time when Metternich ruled Germany, and, besides, she had a comfortable property of her own which helps one to keep to liberal ideas. She felt a sort of democratic pride in not yielding anything to the nobility; but she saw in Frau Bella an amiable, highly intellectual lady, and she submitted to her, without acknowledging to herself that her submission amounted to subservency toward a countess. Bella was acute enough to see and understand it all, and treated the Justice's wife with that confidence which is shown only to equals; but she took care to be more than usually amiable, that the Justice's wife might attribute her visit to some other than the real object.

Lina entered the room, looking like a charming little housekeeper in her blue dress, and high-necked, white apron. Her mother sent her away again very soon, as the child must not be present if the gracious lady had still any private matter to speak of.

"Your dear child has developed finely, and she speaks very good French."

"Thank you," said the mother. "I don't know much of the young people of the present day; but Lina is still so slow, there's nothing piquant about her, and she is frightfully simple. Just think, the child has formed a fancy—how she ever got hold of such ideas in the convent, is a mystery to me—but only imagine, she believes that this Herr Captain Dournay has forced himself in as Roland's tutor, only because he is secretly in love with Fräulein Manna, whom he saw at the convent."

Frau Bella pretended much surprise, and heard the story of the meeting with Eric again, but the Justice's wife soon led the conversation back to the failure of all her efforts to make Lina a wide-awake girl.

Frau Bella might have said to her, if she had been disposed, You want to change this child, who has no special talent or beauty, from her genuineness and openness; you are continually teasing her to be lively, arch, and merry, to sing and to jump! You want to turn your fair-complexioned daughter with clear, light-blue eyes, into a dark-haired maiden with flashing brown eyes! Frau Bella might have said all this, but she did not. She pressed her thin lips close together; her nostrils quivered; she despised, at this moment, the whole of mankind. She was spared the necessity of saying anything, however, for the ladies who were invited came in successively. They were particularly glad to

meet the Countess Wolfsgarten, and yet every one was a little vexed that she could not be the first in dress and appearance.

Ah, such a coffee-party of the fair sex!

There are some things, institutions, and arrangements, that have received a bad name, and cannot get rid of it again; that is the case with this fine institution of coffee-drinking. As soon as any favorable mention is made of it, every hearer and reader is convinced that is only downright irony, or a good-humored jest; for it has been settled, once for all, that this coffee-drinking of the ladies is only a hoax, and a pretence of kindly intercourse, with the participants. And yet this institution is a very excellent one, except when cards are introduced, and they carry it so far as to get up a regular gambling-party, as do the ladies at the small capitals, who have a handsome book with black morocco-binding, lettered on the back, "Hours of Meditation," but containing inside only blank leaves on which to mark down the points, and enter the score. But that is only in the smaller capitals; here in our sociable little town, civilization has not advanced so far. Cards are not yet the book of salvation from all the evil of ennui; here they rely upon their own resources, the best way they can. And why should they not talk of persons, and occasionally say something pretty severe? What do other people, yes, even the men, in higher spheres, and at the tankard? Do they converse always about abstractions?

To be sure, there is talk here of town news, and whoever takes no part in this, holding himself aloof, does nothing for the town, nothing for his neighbor. And these ladies, who here have something to say about the so-called higher dignitaries, as well as the so-called inferior people, they are the same ladies who have established benevolent reunions; and behave in a strictly proper manner. So let us be pleasant and well-disposed guests, without any tendency to find fault, at this coffee-drinking of the fair sex.

Here comes Frau White. She is called Frau Coal behind her back, for she is the wife of a wood and coal-dealer. She has black locks and a dark complexion, which looks as if she had never washed herself thoroughly; and since the good woman is aware of her being nicknamed Mrs. Coal, she always dresses herself in dead-white colors, which are not very becoming to her dark hair and complexion by bright daylight, but by lamp-light she is very charming to look at. Unfortunately she has the defect of squinting, and with so sweet an

expression, as if her eyes had been permanently arrested in the midst of a killing affectionate glance.

Here is the wife of the cement-manufacturer, a tall and stately woman, never laughing, always inexpressibly serious, as if she carried about with her some great secret; she has no secret to impart, except that she has nothing to say.

Here sits the handsome wife of the school-director, a little too portly perhaps, nicknamed the lay-figure because she is always dressed so finely; she has a perpetual smile upon her face, and one might almost imagine that she would still smile and show her beautiful teeth, even if she were to be the bearer or hearer of the tidings of death.

Here is the wife of the steamboat agent, a very fine looking woman, the mother of eleven children. The whole company are quite provoked with the little, plump, good woman, who never lets her cup stand on the table, but holds it up in her left hand, and repeatedly dips into it her biscuit, nodding assent to every one's remark, and seldom giving her own opinion, or when she does, speaking with her mouth so full, that nobody understands her.

Here are the two Englishwomen who reside in the town; they were plain citizens, much beloved, without any title of lady, but were truly lady-like in appearance, for the reason that they needed no rank to set them off. They passed their time at home, did not depend upon visiting, and were like their own island, which produces all that man requires. Whenever the two ladies went into society they were always fresh, and were very cordially welcomed; and the amiable, awkward way in which they spoke German, and made use of strange constructions, served to increase the general kindness. Bella was especially friendly toward the Englishwomen. The ladies' conversation was all intermingled together, like the singing of birds in the woods. Each one sings its own song, then polishes its own bill, and has no concern about the rest,—hardly hears them. Only two remarks were generally listened to and repeated; once, when Frau White made the happy observation that one would be aware of Count Clodwig's many badges of distinction, even if he did not wear any, which the Justice's wife took occasion to report to Bella; and again, when they came upon the subject, no one could tell how, whether the men's smoking was agreeable or disagreeable, Frau Lay-figure said that her good man often expressed the wish that he could be passionately fond of smoking, so as to



wean himself from being so fond of her. Frau Bella had that perpetual complaisant smile which is so cold, and yet so fascinating.

The conversation only grazed Herr Sonnenkamp lightly. It remained fixed upon Eric, and why should it not? Here in the summer time, thousands frequent the little town, and swarm on the road leading to the old castle and to the other objects of interest for sight-seers, but when had there been a person who remained among them, and such a noteworthy personage too? Eric was a strange bird who wanted to take refuge in the mysterious house of Sonnenkamp; they will do him no harm, ruffle not one of his feathers, but each one wishes to have her say concerning where he comes from, and how he looks.

The Justice's wife remarked that she would have liked to invite the Major to the coffee-drinking, for he could tell the most about the captain-doctor.

The ladies were busy, of course, with their crochet, embroidery and sewing; but these are only make-believe labors, for one must not seem to be wholly idle.

When they understood that Eric's mother was a lady of unimpeachable nobility, each one wanted to make out that she had perceived that in him at once, it was something that could not be concealed. Bella accorded to this remark one of her most friendly looks of general approval.

When the Justice himself now came, for a little quarter of an hour, to join the company, Bella requested him to take a chair by her; she declared that they were very happy in this harmless circle, and she desired that no disturbing element should ever enter, to have only a decomposing influence upon it.

The Justice looked at her with his good-natured eyes, wholly at a loss to know what she meant, and stroked his obstinate whiskers; he could not imagine that this was intended to prepare the way for what his wife was to impart to him. He excused himself and soon went away; his wife informed them that Lina had joined the Liederkrantz of the town; they were practising now for the great musical festival which was to be held in the neighboring city, and to Lina would undoubtedly be assigned a solo-piece.

Frau Bella spoke very advisably, and at the same time very discouragingly. She expressed her dislike of musical festivals, being convinced in her own mind that she alone understands music, and that the music which she fancies is the only genuine music. In these days, hundreds of young people of both sexes, of ordinary standing

in society, sing in the musical festivals an oratorio of Händel, Haydn, Bach, and this vexed Bella; these people are convinced that they know something. If she had had power, she would have had the police put a stop to these meetings. For this reason, Frau Bella had a special spite against the oratorio, but she only said,—"I have no appreciation of it;" and inasmuch as she said, "I have no appreciation of it," this ought to be ample evidence that there is nothing in it to be appreciated.

She was exceedingly gracious and condescending. She said that she did not question the merits of the German masters in oratorio. The truth is that it was extremely repugnant to her to have the Justice's wife, the wife of the school-director, and the two daughters of the head-forester, and even perhaps the tailor's and cobbler's daughters, presuming to be interested in high art, when not one of them could sound a single true note.

Lina now acquired a new importance, for there was a general expression of desire to hear her sing. The English ladies asked very pressing for a German song, but Lina, who usually was not backward, to-day was not willing to comply. Her mother's eyes flashed, but Frau Bella placed her hand upon the arm of the angry mother, and an unheard of event happened; saying that she did not blame Lina for not being willing to begin to sing abruptly, without any preparation, she arose, went to the grand piano, preluded, and then played a sonata of Mozart in masterly style. All were happy, and the Justice's house highly exalted, for none could boast, except the Castle Wolfsgarten and the castles of the nobility, that Bella had ever touched a key in any other than her own house.

Bella received overwhelming laudation, but she rejected it, and in a half serious, half contemptuous way, maintained that every one who wore long dresses wanted to play the piano. Bella was a genuine sister of her brother; she could be happy a whole day if she succeeded in uttering one pointed speech, and she took great delight now in saying,—

"Every girl, now-a-days, thinks she must learn to knit a musical stocking."

She continued to repeat these words, musical stocking, in a measure of three-fourths time. Every one laughed, the English ladies looked up in surprise, and Bella was glad to explain to them what she meant by these words, adding,—

"Yes, they knit a stocking out of notes, and the great thing with them is, not to drop a single stitch. I truly believe that

the good children consider the four movements of the sonata to be the four parts of the stocking; the top is the first movement, the leg is the adagio, the heel is the scherzo, the toe is the finale. Only one who has a real talent for it ought to be allowed to learn music."

This was generally agreed to, and they spoke of the amount of time spent upon the piano in youth, and that after marriage it was given up.

The Justice's wife had been appealed to, and if there can be a higher heaven in heaven itself, it was opened when Frau Bella praised Lina's singing, which she had heard, and requested that Lina might make her a visit of some weeks, when she could, perhaps, give her some instruction. The glance which the Justice's wife cast to her husband was inexpressibly joyful; and how delightful it is to have the ladies ear-witnesses of all this! It seemed to her that she was very good-natured and very condescending, to be still friendly and affable with the doctor's wife, and also, indeed, with Frau Coal and the merchants' wives.

Bella extolled now, in the warmest terms, the delicious, spicy cakes which the Justice's wife knew how to make so excellently well; she would like to know the ingredients. The Justice's wife said that she had a particular way of giving them their flavor by putting into them a certain quantity of bitter almonds; and she promised to write out the receipt for her, but she resolved in her own mind never to remember to do it.

They had hardly tasted of the May-bowl, and declared that no one else knew how to mix it so well, before the Justice was informed that Herr von Franken had arrived. The Justice went down, his wife detained Bella, and Lina, looking out of the window, saw that Franken decidedly refused to come in for a moment. Bella now drove away, after taking a very hasty leave.

When she had gone, it seemed to all as

if the court had withdrawn; they drew near to each other in a more confidential way, and had for the first time a really easy and home-like feeling.

The English ladies were the first to take their departure; the rest would not be less genteel than they, and in a short time the parents and the child were by themselves.

The wife took her husband into an adjoining room, and impressed upon him very earnestly, that it was the duty of a Justice to keep his district clean.

The Justice was faithful in his office, and whoever spoke of him would always affirm that he was the best man in the world. But he had no particular zeal for his calling; he was in the habit of saying, — Why am I mixed up with the affairs of other people? If I were a man of property, I would have nothing to do with the quarrels of other persons, but live quietly and contentedly to myself. But inasmuch as he had been inducted into the office, he performed its duties with fidelity. He was very reluctant to come to the determination to interfere in the matter of Eric, and he consented only when his wife told him in so many words, that the countess Bella had expressed the wish that he should.

They had come to the best understanding, when suddenly a slam, crash, and shriek were heard. Lina had let fall a whole tray full of cups.

The Justice's wife could not give a more satisfactory evidence of her serene content, than by saying, as she did, to Lina, —

"Be quiet, dear child. The mischief is done; it's of no sort of account. Cheer up, you've looked so blooming, and now you're so pale. I could almost thank God for sending us this trifling mishap, for in every joy there must be some little sorrow intermingled."

Lina was quiet, for she could not tell what she was thinking of when the coffee-tray fell out of her hands.

#### ROBESPIERRE'S VERSES.

LIFE has two eras, and to each  
The sweetest melodies belong;  
The sweetest utterance of speech,  
The sweetest harmony of song:  
The earliest that soft accent "Mother,"  
Thrilling as the lark's notes above;  
Then comes, and sweeter still, another,  
Bursting from youthful lips — "I love."  
'Tis the maternal voice repeating  
The echoed accents of the child;  
'Tis the enamoured stripling greeting  
The birth of love in transports wild.

Beware! beware! thou heedless maiden,

When that enchanting tone is heard.  
That sound with many a care is laden;  
There's peril in the mystic word!  
Look not on honied words too lightly;  
Trust not to every wandering bee;  
There's many a meteor shining brightly,  
And many a lie looks truthfully.  
Deceit may have its eloquence,  
And honest passion speechless be.  
Let thy heart speak, and not thy sense,  
When passion pours its vows to thee.

Claremont, Exeter.

JOHN BOWRING.  
Athenæum.

From The Spectator.  
THE MAN WITH TWO MEMORIES.

THE curious, though by no means unexampled case of George Nickern, a German, of New Orleans, who, after being all but killed by a fall from a platform some months ago, and for many weeks entirely deprived of the use of every sense as well as of consciousness, has recovered his health completely and his powers of mind, — his memory excepted, which at present dates entirely from the beginning of his recovery, and is a complete blank as to all and every one, — persons, words, things, — his knowledge of which had been acquired before the fall, cannot but suggest the question what relation memory really has to the personal identity of man. The lad to whom we have referred seems to have been for a month at least in a condition of complete detachment from the outer world, without any power of sight, or hearing, or speech; at the end of seven weeks he had recovered these senses and could use his tongue freely, but he retained no glimmer of recollection of any word, either of his native German or of English, which he had known before the accident, and his own mother and other friends were to him entirely new acquaintances, whom he had to learn to know afresh. He had to begin acquiring the language of those around him as if he had been an infant, and his progress was almost as slow. Still, all his faculties seemed acute and bright, and, dating from the origin of his new memory, he seemed to retain impressions well. His case is not a unique one. It is not impossible, if we may judge by some similar cases, that he should suddenly recover some day the whole of his suddenly extinguished stock of knowledge. There is an old case commonly cited in works on Psychology, of a student of Philadelphia whose memory was suddenly annihilated by a fever. He began painfully learning everything afresh, and had got as far as Latin and just mastered the Latin grammar, when his whole stock of previous knowledge returned as suddenly as it left him. Nay, it is even quite possible that this New Orleans lad might, if he had a fever, or a fresh fall, or any new disturbance of the brain, recover his old memory, and lose his new one, *i. e.*, recover the recollection of all that he knew before the accident, and lose the memory of all that he has acquired since. Cases are on record of this sort of alternating memory, due to some fever, the first attack of which modified seriously, we suppose, the condition of the nervous system, and the second attack of which reintroduced the old condition of the brain, oblit-

erating completely the later phase. It is quite conceivable, then, that George Nickern may some day suddenly recover the memory of the first twenty years of his life, and at the same moment lose that of the interval between the end of his twentieth year and the date at which this second solution of continuity might take place. These curious phenomena suggest very forcibly the question, what relation memory has to the personal life of men. They force upon us the impression that, though Plato's notion of the pre-existence of the soul during one or perhaps more than one all but utterly forgotten terms of life and experience, the faint shadows of which sometimes flit obscurely before the startled mind, may be, and probably is, a mere dream, — yet there is, at least, no sort of impossibility, no sort of contradiction to the ascertained possibilities of life, in the conception. George Nickern is a living example of a man who has pre-existed for twenty years on this earth before his own memory can authenticate for him any one act of his life. In his case we happen to have plenty of witnesses of what he was and what he did, before his new term of life began; and we only wish, by the way, that the New Orleans physicians would publish an accurate and authentic account of *all* the discontinuities and continuities between his pre-existent life and character and his present life and character. It is not enough to know that he has to begin learning everything afresh. We want to know whether his *character* is materially changed, and in what direction, — whether, having been, for instance, cautious or rash, he is now the same, or of an opposite disposition, — whether, having been kind or inconsiderate, he has altered or not in that respect, — whether his moral and religious nature shows any sort of close analogy to what it was before, or any very marked contrast, — whether, having been selfish, for instance, he has become disinterested, or having been disinterested, he has become selfish, — whether his *tastes* are materially altered or not by the great severance of the thread of his recollection, — in a word, in what respects he reminds those who knew him of what he was before the accident, and in what respects, besides his memory, he is changed. The New Orleans physicians ought to carefully investigate and record these things, as it will be obvious to every one that they are of the highest psychological interest. But, to return to the reflections which his case suggests, it is perfectly clear that what has happened, in consequence of a special event in *his* case, might have happened in the case of

every man, supposing that all our minds had had a previous existence, and that the embodiment of them in our present organizations which becomes complete at birth had a universal tendency to snap the chain of memory, just as George Nickern's memory has been snapped by his fall. Of course this is quite unfounded hypothesis. But it is at least a possible hypothesis. If one man can lead two lives without any ray of recollection of his first life entering into his second life, we may all do so, if there were any general cause operating on all of us, at all similar to the special cause which we see operating on him now. Nay, in some sense we do all lead two lives, of one of which we have no record or memory, and of the other of which we have, — the life of sleep and the life of waking. The life of sleep, — which Jouffroy has very ably shown to be in all probability one of continuous intellectual activity, one of continuous dream, though nine-tenths of what we dream we immediately and utterly forget, is, as far as we know, not one of any coherence, still less of progress, but of utterly incoherent imagery, in which we accumulate no experience, have no communion with any reality outside ourselves, and are incapable even of self-knowledge or self-study. But not the less is it a life, though it be a mere kaleidoscope of immediately forgotten pictures, and a life which, though under very different conditions, is our own life, and no one else's. Well, if everybody lives two lives, one of which is usually bound together by a chain of more or less continuous memory and recollection, and one not, — and if now and then we find an individual living two lives, both of which are coherent in themselves, though they are, as regards memory, mutually exclusive, — it seems quite certain that the personal self, the 'I,' is something absolutely independent of memory, something which might become as independent of memory as Plato suggested when he supposed that each individual soul was subjected to a whole *series* of lives, all of them separate wholes without conscious reference to each other, yet all of them united by some continuity of will and character which makes the discipline of the one supplementary to the discipline of the other. Nay, it is even quite conceivable that the same mind should be leading simultaneously different lives under different forms of organization in a number of different worlds, — that I may, at the moment I write, be, without knowing it as an inhabitant of this planet, living a distinct life and career in Mars and Jupiter and Saturn, in all of which lives there is a principle of identity, in spite of

the different conditions under which I live them. Nothing is more certain than that in this life we are influenced by perceptions, and sensations, and even, odd as it sounds to say so, by *ideas*, of which we are not conscious. That which is, by itself, invisible, — too minute to be visible, — yet clearly makes *some* impression on our organs of sight, and may, therefore, be said to be seen, — for it is only an aggregate of magnitudes too small to be seen which constitutes every magnitude which we do see. And so, too, it is certain that there are, so to say, *subterranean* connections between the links of many chains of association, which carry on our mind from one term of conscious thought to another, without resting even for an instant on the intermediate link which really binds the two together, and without giving us even the chance of *remembering* what it was. And if this be so, — as it certainly is, — there is certainly nothing *inconceivable* in the notion that each of us may be living two or three simultaneous lives, under different conditions in different worlds, — though, of course, there is not the smallest reason to suppose that it is so.

We have put these somewhat paradoxical hypotheses only to give still more definiteness to our view, that none of them would touch in the least, — nay, that all of them assume and presuppose, — a real personal identity, uniting the dis severed and fragmentary lives, which we have shown or assumed to be broken into two or more parts, either by some failure of memory in time, or by some cleavage of it into parallel and uncommunicating planes. George Nickern has already had two lives, two distinct reaches of consciousness, utterly exclusive of each other. In what sense, then, is he still the same man that he was before the accident? We should say in this, — that, though no obligation incurred, no affection formed, no hope indulged, no fear entertained, before his accident, remains to him now in the form of conscious experience, yet his character is doubtless still that which his previous life, together with his recent sufferings and new experience, have made it, — that even the obliterated experience, though it does not act consciously upon him, acts upon him unconsciously through the character it helped to form, that what he now is, as a moral being, depends in all probability much more on his own acts during the first twenty years of his life, of which he can recollect nothing, than on the few acts of his second infancy which have accumulated only during two or three months. His

second infancy is not, and cannot be, in any way like his first. The store of experience by which he was guided before the accident is gone, but the character trained by that experience remains; and you might as well say that a blossom is independent of the stages of seed, root, stalk, and leaf, because it has no memory or record of them, as that George Nickern is so because he has lost the memory and record of them. No doubt his character shows somewhat differently under its new conditions, as all our characters would show differently if we had suddenly either a vast accession or a vast diminution of our ordinary resources. Put a man under quite new circumstances, and he will probably appear in quite a new light; but what he is in these new circumstances is not the less, in some sense, the resultant of what he was in the old, and of the new influences brought to bear on him. Supposing, for instance, that it were possible for the whole of any nation to get up some morning with a completely blank memory, the wife not knowing the husband, nor the husband the wife; the mother her children, nor the children their mother; the creditor his debtors, or the debtors their creditor; in short, with every transaction clean wiped out, except those on record, and they, for the time, utterly unintelligible, because the key to the national language, as well as to all the appliances of civilization, would have been lost,—yet even then, we take it, the characters of men would be so much influenced by their unrecollected and unconscious past, that, after a very few years of imparted teaching, we should probably have the same men philanthropists who were philanthropists before,—burglars, or something like it who were burglars before,—misers who were misers before,—selfish pursuers of pleasures who were selfish pursuers of pleasures before,—and so forth. Any returning citizen who had not been included in the general blight of memory would soon perceive how the unremembered past was shooting anew in the present, and would probably make the observation that essential as memory is to the business of life and its duties, the most important influence of the past over the present is one *not* exerted through the memory, but through the active tendencies of emotion and character, which are unconsciously, and not consciously, due to past life. A whole nation of George Nickerns would soon become as different from each other as they were before their loss of memory, and in most cases by diverging from each

other in the same directions as they had diverged in before they were suddenly reduced to the same level of experience. The old would have, if not the same advantages over the young as before,—or the same disadvantages, as the case might be,—still the greater part of their old advantages,—or disadvantages;—the discipline, or want of discipline, would be there, though wrapt up in the shape of a species of taste or habit of mind, of which they could give no account,—the caution, so far as it had been worked up into their practical nature though, of course, not so far as it was a mere memory of pain and failure, would remain; the taste, so far as it had been educated and cultivated, would remain, though it would have lost the clue to its own discriminations; finally, the reverence of mind, the devotional disposition would be ready in the Christian, though the grasp of the historical sources of it would have vanished away. The destruction of memory would be to some a vast relief, and to others a terrible loss of the best happiness of life, but we believe very strongly that it would be very far indeed from making “all things new.” The old lives again in the new in a way that defies oblivion to wipe it out.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE EMPIRE OF NOVELS.

AN essayist, in the number of the *Westminster Review* published this week, asks a question which, though purely speculative, has an interest for the students of English Literature. He asserts with great justice that Fiction has attained in England a kind of “empire,” which enables it to overshadow for the time almost every kind of non-political literature. Nothing except a successful journal is so much read as a successful novel, no man except a great orator has the audience of a great novelist, and no literary production whatever, not even a first-class poem, is so sure to be minutely discussed as a first-class story. To thousands of Englishmen Mr. Trollope’s personages are as real as the personages of comedy were to their grandfathers, and writers like Thackeray exercise a far more decisive influence on manners, if not on opinions, than Congreve or Sheridan could have claimed. The religious world, which has frequently defied the Theatre, has been beaten by the Novel, and the masses who never open *In Memoriam* know *Nicholas Nickleby* by heart. The empire, such as it is, is undeniable;



but, asks the reviewer, "Can it be held a matter of absolute certainty that the dominion of the English novel, which began in 1741, with *Pamela*, will prove more enduring,"—than that of, say, the Attic drama, which lasted only a hundred years? He makes no effort to answer his own question, but it is clear that he inclines to a negative reply; and we confess that, in spite of many present appearances, we agree, with one material qualification, in his opinion. We doubt, in fact, whether the Novel, at all events in its present shape, has not passed the zenith of its power. No opinion of a purely speculative kind is more difficult to justify by argument, and no argument can on such a point be absolutely conclusive, but there are some considerations tending towards a conclusion which our readers can readily estimate for themselves.

It is, for example, we believe nearly certain that while the habit of reading novels for themselves, and not merely to pass away the time, is increasing, like all other forms of reading, among the less educated, it is dying away among the more cultivated section of society. They will read only novels supposed to be exceptional either from the genius displayed in them, or the speciality of the plot they develop, or it may be something sensational or morbid in the characters depicted. Ordinary novels bore them, and as the supply of extraordinary novels is limited, the habit of novel-reading rapidly declines. It is the commonest of occurrences to hear such men declare that they cannot get through novels, and the change in taste in them is sure sooner or later to be a change of taste in the public. There is no evidence of a contempt of the old kind for novels, but of a decline of regard for them which makes itself visible in the decreasing attention they command in the reviews, a decrease which has been marked for some time even in journals of a strictly literary kind. While George Eliot writes, the publication of a novel must every now and then be a literary event; but the book of the season is more and more rarely a story. The production of stories—good stories, too—does not decrease; but the taste for them, and above all, the belief in them as important works, certainly does. Similar tastes have declined before, and in all probability will decline again. Nobody, for example, now thinks the production of a new comedy an event, or cares very much to see a first representation, or is much interested in gossip about it, or above all, dreams of reading it. Comedies were read once as

novels are now, but we doubt if Mr. Lacy ever sells a copy of a "play" to any one not impelled to read it for some professional reason, as actor, or amateur, or critic, and we feel quite sure that to most men the effort to read a production of the kind would be intolerably wearisome. There exists, in fact, a dislike to read dialogue except in a novel, which is strange, considering how large a part dialogue plays in most stories, notably in Mr. Trollope's, and how popular that form of discussion once became. Long dialogues are scarcely tolerated even on the stage, where they have every aid to make them real, and it would require genius greater than that of W. S. Landor to make a new series of 'Imaginary Conversations' sell. If any one doubts this remark, let him read the comments of the day on the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and then sit down and try to read those enthusiastically admired conversations. There is no particular reason for the change that we know of, except the growing taste for realism even in the forms of literary work, and that taste as it develops is sure to react more or less against all but one kind of fiction, and may possibly operate against the popularity of all kinds. We suspect that the most remarkable feature in the history of novels, their inability to keep alive, is due, in a great measure, to this taste. Nothing is true in most novels except their descriptions of manners, and the instant those descriptions cease, from social changes, to be true, the novels themselves disappear. There never was a body of literature with so little vitality in it. The number of novels which have really lived, — lived, that is, in any just sense of the word, as books which most men read, at all events, once, — may be counted on the fingers, and we question if so many as ten will, except as literary curiosities, survive two centuries. If the taste for reading them were a permanent mental desire, as, for example, the taste for poetry certainly is, the destruction could hardly be so rapid, or the oblivion so complete.

It may be said that as the habit of reading is not likely to decline, and as novels are the pleasantest form of light reading, the supply will always keep pace with the demand. That may be true, without affecting the question, which is not the sale of novels, but their place in literature, their "empire," as the *Westminster* reviewer calls it; but we are inclined to question if it is true. We suspect that as the mechanical appliances of communication improve, all kinds of light reading will be swallowed up by the most sensational of all, the hourly history of the world, its doings and its peo-

ple. This tendency is already noted in America; and even in England, where people adhere longer to habits, the journal, and especially the journal of news, threatens to supersede the novel. People are, on the whole, more amused by seeing "what is going on" than by reading what imaginary people suffer, and that taste once acquired, lasts for life. It is as strong as a thirst for drams, and as a great many people think, — we do not agree with them, — is very little less deleterious to the mental palate. Owing to causes not worth discussing here, it has been very little fostered in England; but still the demand for newspapers which for any reason are readable increases, till as the *Westminster* reviewer remarks, the empire of the novel is already disputed, and but for the lingering distaste of women for newspapers, a distaste rapidly passing away, it would be seriously menaced. The reader in fact obtains, say in an evening paper, all that he obtains in an ordinary novel, — a distraction, and something else besides, — a distraction which is not based on a fiction. He finds as many stories, tragic or comic, as many characters, as many social sketches; and they are all real, all more or less true, and all described in the style which, be it bad or good from an artistic point of view, is the easiest and pleasantest to him to read. Knowledge of a kind is widening, and as knowledge widens so does the interest felt by ordinary mankind in the daily life of the world. A man must have some trace of education to watch with interest telegrams from three continents, but the capacity of interest once acquired, the habit is never lost. Novels did not sell in America while the army was marching on Richmond, or in India during the Mutiny, and to the educated there is always some event occurring somewhere which interests men nearly as much as a war or a revolution. It is because French papers do not feel this interest in history, confining themselves as they do to political oratory and epigram, that they find readers for the *feuilleton*, for the novel which, however bright it might be, would inevitably kill an English newspaper, however dull it might be. It is not, perhaps, a very enticing prospect to forecast that the novel will ultimately give place to the news journal, a farrago of rubbishy sentiment to a collection of snippety

facts, but that seems to us the tendency of the time.

And then comes the only serious question in the whole matter. The empire of the novel, so far as the novel is more than a passing phase of public taste, is really based on the desire of a self-conscious race to look at itself in the glass, and to see itself as it were, under analysis, — to study itself either clothed, as with Trollope; or nude, as with Thackeray; or under the anatomist's knife, as with the Author of *Romola*. As long as that consciousness endures, there will be an interest felt in the best kind of novel, the novel of character; and authors of genius will endeavour to gratify it by analyses nominally fictitious, really patient studies of living beings. They cannot write autobiographies, which alone from this point of view could supersede novels, nor have they usually shown much tendency to use verse as their instrument, as Shakespeare did; and the probability is, therefore, that they will continue to use the novel as a vehicle for conveying to the world the results of their vivisection. Should the world ever cease to care for self-introspection, for the study of the inner man, as, for example, the Roman world appears lately to have done, — life growing too stern and terror too permanent for such occupation, — even the character novel, the only true novel, will disappear; but we see little prospect of such a catastrophe. The newspaper cannot take up this function, there is no sign that the theatres will ever again attract crowds by new pictures of the inner life of men, and the novel of character therefore will probably continue. But its continuance as a mode of literary expression is not equivalent to that "empire of the novel" of which the reviewer speaks, that predominant system of conveying all instruction, from the subtlest to the simplest, from the deepest difficulties of religious inquiry to the elementary facts of physical geography, through the medium of stories which has given the Novel for a moment such a preposterous place in the literature of Great Britain. The marsh need not continue because the river must find its way to the sea, and there are signs, to us welcome signs, that at no very distant period the superfluous and, as we believe, the miasmatic overflow will be dried up, leaving the soil with a new capacity for bearing new fruit.

From The Spectator, 2 Jan.

### THREE PHASES OF SCIENTIFIC FINANCE.

POLITICIANS in search of a thoroughly scientific account of what Mr. Gladstone has really achieved in finance, and the methods by which he has achieved it, cannot do better than to read a very able and instructive article in the new *Fortnightly Review*, by Mr. Robert Giffen. The fault of the paper is that in style it hovers a little between a treatise and a sketch, — sometimes attempting the impossible in the form of representing a chapter of detailed information and discussion by a paragraph, — a paragraph, of course, too allusive, and resting on supports of knowledge outside the article itself. If Mr. Giffen would expand his article into a volume, he might not only add a very needful supplement to that once useful, but now antiquated book, Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, but illustrate it with all the resources of an accomplished economist and an acute student of political finance. Even as it is, however, the essay is one of no little value on the principles and tendencies of Mr. Gladstone's financial measures.

Mr. Giffen notes carefully the three stages of scientific finance, — the stage in which its object is mainly to bring national revenue well up to expenditure, a stage which, under wise and even acute statesmen, necessarily develops into the second stage, because it can attain its object *only* by developing into the second stage, — namely, that in which it is the primary object of the financier not so much to extract sufficient revenue, as so to distribute and review his taxation as not to embarrass or impede unnecessarily any single branch of human industry, in other words, so to arrange his taxes that he forces no artificial change in the distribution of capital and labour among those productive or distributive operations for which there exist the greatest natural advantages. But this second stage of development in the financier's science can scarcely be matured without the dawning of a third aim, distinct both from the mere extraction of the income needful for the national expenditure and from the careful avoidance of all taxation likely to disturb the natural conditions of productive operations, — namely the possibility of raising the whole social status of the proletariat class, — and this not merely by preparing the way for more work and giving every opportunity for the accumulation of the new capital on which alone they can be set to work, but also by pressing as lightly as possible on their comforts and enjoyments, so as to open to them a new

life, and permanently change their standard of living. This is no doubt a perfectly distinct end from the mere removal of impediments to the natural accumulation and productive use of capital, but it is almost inevitably suggested as the second stage of financial science verges towards its end, *i.e.*, when the nation can feel satisfied that the taxes are so raised as not to shut up or embarrass access to any natural field of productive labour. As the new impulse to production begins, which is due to the abolition of artificial restraints, the poorest class is seen to be rising so fast out of pauperism that the statesman cannot but be struck by the possibility of completing the process almost within a single generation, and so raising a whole class at one heave above those habits which cause pauperism and rest contented with it. To effect this, not only must there be more wealth in the nation and therefore more demand for industry, but also higher tastes and wants amongst the labourers. The former might exist without the latter, nay, might almost advance indefinitely without any corresponding advance in the latter; and here there comes in the third general aim of a scientific financier to see that the newly accumulated wages-fund shall not be needlessly debarred from investment in those comforts and enjoyments which raise the self-respect of the poorest class by any needless taxation of their comforts and enjoyments; — that so far as taxation must press heavily on them at all, it shall press on their most questionable or even injurious tastes, like the crave for stimulants and sedatives, for spirits and tobacco. Further, such a statesman will see many financial directions in which the agency of the State can really stimulate the progress of the proletariat class positively as well as negatively, — and this not only without loss, but with gain to the Government, — as by controlling and regulating the great national monopolies of civilization, the post, the railway, and the telegraph, by giving a Government guarantee to savings' banks, and to the insurance against sickness and old age. Of these three great stages in the science of modern English finance, Mr. Giffen assigns the credit of the first and the initiation of the second to the late Sir Robert Peel, — but to Sir Robert Peel most ably-supported and seconded by Mr. Gladstone; the completion of the second stage and the initiation of the third, — and this at a time when necessity was *not* the mother of invention, since public opinion had ceased to apply any considerable pressure to the problem of financial

reform,—to Mr. Gladstone. And very ably does he illustrate the intensity of purpose, the fertility of invention, the undaunted courage, which enabled Mr. Gladstone to triumph over what would have been to most financiers the *temptation of bringing forward 'easy budgets,'*—budgets with which no one would have cavilled, and which would perfectly have satisfied his chiefs.

There is something even more impressive than Mr. Giffen has brought out in this threefold development of modern finance,—from a finance the only fear of which was not to get enough money, through a finance the main fear of which was an undue interference with the distribution of the capital and labour of the nation, to a finance the principal fear of which is the needless limitation of the enjoyments and needless checks on the expanding tastes of the people, and which even in some departments hopes to make a tax less a contribution for the general necessities of Government than a purchase of valuable immediate privileges at a far cheaper rate than any but Government could afford to charge. And there is something in this progressive development of financial science especially illustrative of the genius of the statesman who has been the means of causing it. We usually suppose that it is because our Government is a popular Government that we have had all this financial reform. But the financial history of the period shows us how false this conception is. The first move, no doubt, the move against the Corn Laws, was popularized by the Anti-Corn Law League, and, so far, Sir Robert Peel may have been said to have been carried over the first great obstacle by a wave of popular feeling. Still, even in his case the great financial instrument by which he was enabled to lighten so much the burden of mischievous taxation, the income-tax, was in the highest degree unpopular. And when Mr. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1853, he had, as Mr. Giffen shows, a very difficult task before him in persuading the country to submit to that tax still longer for the sake of financial improvements the urgency of which was by no means keenly or widely felt. By that time it was not the popular opinion which was urging on Mr. Gladstone, but Mr. Gladstone who was urging on popular opinion. He had seen the real mischief of the old plan of taxation in a way which had taken hold of his imagination. He had begun to realize, as the nation had never

realized, how much production was hindered, how much wealth was wasted, how much wealth was never produced which otherwise would have been produced, in consequence of embarrassing and vexatious taxes; and the advantage of extending the movement had thus gained a far stronger hold over his imagination than over the imagination of the nation at large. He had, as Mr. Giffen says, to create that “artificial intelligence” by which alone his own proposed reforms became possible. He had to kindle in the nation the same hope of vast progress and new resources which he had grasped himself, and to kindle enough for the purpose of enforcing immediate painful sacrifices on both the middle and the upper class, like the prolonged income-tax and the new succession duty. He had to repeat the same effort under still more disadvantageous circumstances in 1860, when the expenditure had risen to a far higher level, and when yet the mood of the public mind, under the spell of Lord Palmerston, was utterly inert and averse to efforts of faith and self-denial. The ‘popular’ policy would have been ‘to let well alone’ and remit taxation, especially the income-tax, to the extent of the surplus. Mr. Gladstone had to *make* the nation feel that there were still great and needless fetters on the springs of industry, and still greater and as needless fetters on the means of popular enjoyment and civilization; he had to withstand the pleasures of indolence and the pleasures of expenditure, in order to set the nation free from restrictions of which they did not complain, and give them privileges for which they did not ask. The result has been, we believe, that, by his policy chiefly, the name and *idea* of government have become popular, where a quarter of a century ago ‘government’ was a term of reproach; that through him it has become possible to regard government as the centre of popular life, instead of as the centre of all that was hostile to popular life,—that, in fact, he has at last persuaded the English people to like and trust a Government which for generations they had regarded as at best a necessary evil. Reform Acts may have been essential to give him the motive power by which this change has been accomplished; yet but for Sir Robert Peel and for him, the Government of the Reformed Parliament would still be, as it was in 1842, almost, if not quite, as unpopular as the Government of the old régime.

**SENSIBLE COOKING.**—The Norwegian felted boxes now on sale in Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, deserve notice. When a leg of mutton is to be boiled, instead of its being kept on the fire for three or four hours (on the good old English method, which wastes fuel and hardens the meat), it is sufficient to keep it boiling for only ten minutes; and when it has been boiled for that time, the fire is no longer needed, but the saucepan containing the meat is to be inclosed in the felted box till three or four hours later, when dinner-time arrives. The heat in the saucepan is prevented from escaping, as it cannot pass through the non-conducting felt, and the process of cooking therefore goes on gently for hours with no new application of heat. A leg of mutton eaten by the Food Committee is stated to have been quite hot three hours and a half after it was taken from the fire and inclosed in the box, and something was said of another leg which was brought from Paris to London in a Norwegian box without getting cold on the journey. Such boxes are coming into use for the luncheons of shooting parties and picnics, and of persons engaged in business. A gentleman takes with him to his office a small box which looks like an ordinary despatch-box; but it is a Norwegian felted box, which he opens at the time of his meal, and finds to contain hot food. This ingenious contrivance is admirably suited to the wants of the poor. Every poor woman makes a fire in the morning to boil the water for breakfast. That same fire may suffice to commence the cooking of the good man's dinner, and it may be kept hot for him, in one of these cheap boxes, under the hedges, while he attends to his work, till the hour for his meal arrives. Hot food is not only more palatable, but far more strengthening than cold food. Captain Warren's "Cooker," which is patented by Messrs. Adams, of the Haymarket, is an admirable contrivance. The food in the patent saucepan, or "cooker," is cooked by the heat of steam, but without any contact with it. There is therefore no dilution whatever, nor any waste. When the meat is done, the meat and the gravy together are the exact weight of the raw joint. It is cooked in its own juices, so that its full flavor is retained, and as the temperature does not rise quite to the boiling-point, the fibre is not rendered hard and indigestible by excessive heat. The committee will doubtless use great care and patience before judgment is pronounced respecting "the methods of cooking in use among the working classes," for the problem is not how to denounce them as wasteful and bad, but how best to improve them. How can the poor be provided with tolerable fireplaces and implements of cooking? One gentleman proposes that a society should be established to distribute iron pots among the poor; but though it would be a happy day that should introduce the French *pot au feu* to the English poor, it is to be feared that education must advance much further among all classes before such a consummation can be accomplished. The system of

"cooking-depots," or dining-halls, has been successfully invented by Mr. Corbett at Glasgow, and naturalized at Manchester and other towns, but has hitherto no counterpart in London. The metropolis is scandalously ill-fed, and there are no reasons but those disreputable bugbears ignorance and sloth, why not only Paris, but even Glasgow and Manchester, are better off than London in respect of arrangements for feeding the people. It is not the "working classes" alone that need commissariat reforms; the feeding of the whole tribe of middle-class tradespeople and small professionals is deplorable; and Mr. Riddle's proposal that cooked food, hot, in metal cases, should be delivered by express carts daily at houses where the cooking arrangements might not be of the best, and the time of *Materfamilias* is engrossed by the children or the shop, though not yet carried out, must have made many mouths water.

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**MR. LONGFELLOW IN FLORENCE.**—The Florence correspondent of the *London News*, describing the funeral service in that city in memory of Rossini, tells this story of a compliment to Henry W. Longfellow:—

"The service finished at about one o'clock. As I left the church, and while standing on the flight of steps before descending into the Santa Croce square, my attention was arrested by the singularly engaging and intellectual countenance of one who had likewise been present to hear the Requiem. A gentleman perhaps some sixty years of age, with silvery locks and beard, accompanied by a lady, a youth, and two young girls, was gazing from the topmost step on the crowd in the square as it flowed onwards past the statue of Dante. Whilst watching with curiosity the human stream before him, he was himself an object of keen, undisguised, yet respectful interest to a party of young Anglo-Italian girls only a few steps off. I could overhear one saying to the rest, 'I am sure it must be he, he is so like the prints.' At length one of the young girls drew near to the lady accompanying the silver-haired stranger, and said, 'Pray excuse the liberty, but is not that Mr. Longfellow?' 'To be sure it is,' was the reply. 'Oh, I am so happy I have seen him!' was the instant and spontaneous exclamation: 'that really is a treat; that is worth a great deal more than the Requiem.' The young Anglo-Italian then retreated to rejoin her own party, but her remarks had been communicated both to the American poet and to the two girls whom he was holding by the hand, and with a charming frankness they all came forward and spoke a few words of natural and simple courtesy; there was also a kind shake of the hand, facts which I have little doubt will, throughout the whole lives of those to whom they were addressed, lend a sweeter perfume to the verse of Evangeline and Hiawatha."